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# THE NEW REPUBLIC

*A Journal of Opinion*

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## Showdown on All Fronts

During the last week the war in Russia had definitely entered the showdown phase. Hitler's troops were under orders to stand or die at the Dnieper line, a fact suggesting that the Führer may again have taken over the direction of the Russian campaign, evidently in an all-out attempt to put up a last battle before making the almost inevitable retreat to the Riga-Odessa line. Nazi resistance stiffened all along the front, especially in the south, where the troops in the Crimea face entrapment and annihilation. But already Russian troops had extended their penetration fifteen miles beyond the Dnieper, flanking Dniepropetrovsk, while another column, farther south, was bearing down on the Nazi left flank at Melitopol to join the frontal assault on that key city.

The war in Italy was proceeding satisfactorily, highlighted by the Badoglio government's declaration of war against Germany. It may take quite a while before Italy's entrance in the war on our side will make a noticeable difference, since the Italian army had all but disintegrated at the time of its surrender. Badoglio's ability to remain in power may, in large measure, depend upon his success in reorganizing the army. Military defeat would be a risky thing for the new Italian government.

Our position in the Atlantic had meanwhile been greatly improved by the acquisition of anti-submarine bases in the Azores. There were signs that the Nazis were preparing a fresh assault on our shipping lanes. Another showdown was in the making, with the Allies holding a considerable advantage against the U-boat.

The air war over Germany was marked by a record loss of sixty American bombers in a single engagement over Schweinfurt. But this loss was more than offset by outstanding air victories over the Japs at Rabaul and throughout the entire New Guinea area. New blows were forthcoming in the Pacific, with a push into Burma as a likely Allied move. On all of the war fronts, showdown battles were in preparation, with the timing of the major Allied attack against the Nazis in the West still a mystery.

## The Senate and the Peace

Slightly more than thirty weeks ago the Senate Committee on Foreign Relations established a subcommittee under the chairmanship of Sen. Tom Connally to examine the various proposals for post-war organization and report its findings to the whole committee for consideration. After stalling as long as public opinion would stand, the Connally subcommittee has now brought out a practically meaningless compromise proposal for a Senate resolution. This proposal is not even as strong a statement as the Fulbright resolution which the House has passed and which was widely felt to be far too general. The subcommittee resolution, in substance, proposes that the United States join in establishing and maintaining "international authority with powers to prevent aggression and to preserve the peace of the world." Just that, and nothing more.

Connally's resolution has been hailed with enthusiasm by most of the Senate isolationists. Arthur Vandenberg, for example, praised the proposed statement

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as "a fair and honest and forthright reflection of our composite mind. . . . It leaves all details to the disclosures and events of the future."

## Anti-Isolationist Demands

Those members of the Senate who have been real supporters of the administration's foreign policy and who are fighting for a strong and workable post-war world organization are rapidly aligning themselves with the four Senators who long ago introduced the so-called B2H2 resolution for a fight against the Connally subcommittee proposal. Those four, Senators Ball, Burton, Hill and Hatch, served immediate notice that they would fight to amend the resolution on the Senate floor if the Foreign Relations Committee did not make a number of changes before reporting the resolution out.

Seven other Senators have now joined them in a bi-partisan group to "strengthen and clarify" the subcommittee compromise: Senators Pepper and Andrews of Florida, Guffey of Pennsylvania, Mead of New York and Maybank of South Carolina (Democrats), and Bridges of New Hampshire and Ferguson of Michigan (Republicans). Senators Guffey and Pepper are members of the Foreign Relations Committee and will press the group's demands within the committee.

Their chances are not bright there. The specific changes which the eleven Senators ask in the subcommittee draft are: creation of an international agency to settle disputes between nations; use of military force when necessary to prevent aggression and keep the peace; specification that the United Nations are to form the basis for post-war world organization. These are modest and minimum demands if a Senate declaration on foreign policy is to carry any weight at all with the other nations of the world.

## Mr. Welles Takes the Lead

Sumner Welles has just made a speech before the Foreign Policy Association which, in substance, ought long ago to have been made by the President, the Secretary of State, or at least by the Undersecretary. The speech may or may not throw light on the complicated reasons for his resignation, but at least it will illuminate a difference between him and the administration. It makes an appealing and, to us, an irrefutable argument for the preparation of the American people for the future peace by presidential leadership. What if the war should unexpectedly end tomorrow? Something like a concrete program ought to be ready, and whatever may be in the mind of the President or the Secretary of State, there will be no program on which anyone can rely until it has been explained to and accepted by the American people.

Mr. Welles himself suggests the broad outlines of such a proposal. The United States and the Western Hemisphere can be secure from attack only through a world organization to keep the peace. Pending such an organization, there should be a pact including the United States, Britain, Russia and China, and an Executive Council to head up the United Nations. It sounds like a good program.

What makes this speech especially significant is the fact that it was made by a man who himself was never insensitive to the professional diplomat's regard for secrecy and fear of indiscretion.

## Sales Taxes Will Not Do

Nothing more fatuous in the way of war finance can be imagined than the apparent determination of some members of Congress to meet the urgent request of the Treasury by a combination of two measures—a retail sales tax and a cutting of government expenditures.

A sales tax, as we demonstrated last week, could not possibly raise enough, since the value of the articles for sale is not large enough. The closer it came to meeting fiscal requirements, the more it would raise prices of necessities to consumers—a heavy burden especially on those of low income. But one of the two chief reasons for increasing taxes is to avoid price increases. Prices increased by a sales tax are just as inflationary as prices increased in any other way. They would lead to justified demands for higher wages, and would increase costs all along the line.

As for economies in war expenditure, who would want to risk hampering the military forces by giving them less in time of war than they believe necessary? Still more absurd, however, is the congressional assumption that if in one way or the other they supply the $10,500,000,000 asked by the Treasury, nothing more need be done. That would still leave an inflationary gap of upwards of $7,000,000,000. If it is possible to make any legitimate savings, these should supplement the tax program; they cannot serve as a substitute for it.

## There, There!

Recent American criticisms of British policy and post-war intentions have hit sensitive nerves in Britain. In so far as the reported remarks of the five globe-circling Senators are concerned, we may remind our British friends that they ought not to take such things too seriously. Congress is not like Parliament; our executive is not responsible to it. The result is that its dignity and status are not so high as that of a responsible parliamentary body. There is no absurdity or spur to disunion which has not been given expression by some member or Senator in the past few years, and there is nothing to which the American people pay less attention than the wild extravagances of utterance indulged in by some of their legislators. This is as much a part of the national scene as jitterbugs or zoot suits.

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As for the shots aimed at Britain by the McCormick-Patterson press, the British should remember that these newspapers have now inherited the habit formerly confined largely to the Hearst press, of being not only on the wrong side, but also on the losing side, of almost every important public question. Perhaps the greatest handicap any national figure could have, outside the limited geographical center of its influence, would be the hearty approval of The Chicago Tribune.

We say this without in any way assuming that any possible criticism of British policy is a sign of folly. There may be numerous questions on which the nations will disagree, and the way to coöperate is not to ignore these disagreements but to face them and resolve them. But one should learn to discriminate between responsible and irresponsible critics.

## Anti-Semitism in Argentina

The banning of Jewish newspapers in Argentina by the Ramirez government shocked the democratic world —but it need not have come as a surprise. Argentina's pro-fascist military dictatorship, flaunting its strength against severe criticism at home, is staging a hold-out act at a time when fascism's other country cousins are hopping on the Allied bandwagon.

President Roosevelt's rebuke, pointing out the Nazi-like character of this anti-Semitic act of repression, failed to produce great results. At the time of this writing only one Jewish newspaper had been released from the ban. Furthermore, a new act of repression was forced upon the people of Argentina when Ramirez, a few days after banning Jewish newspapers, fired a large number of public officials who had signed an anti-Axis manifesto.

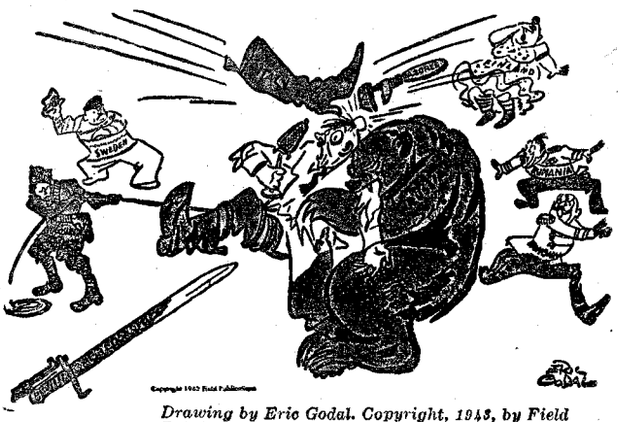
We cannot say how long the Ramirez regime will be able to withstand the growing anti-Axis sentiment in Argentina. As far as its relations with the United States are concerned, the Ramirez government perhaps still considers itself secure, for though we have twice rebuked Argentina in recent weeks—the first time when Secretary Hull turned down a request for Lend-Lease assistance—the United States still recognizes the Ramirez government. Ramirez may feel that he has little to fear from us—an impression he may have gained from observing the way we have coddled his fellow fascist, Franco.

## Spellman on Spain

Archbishop Francis J. Spellman has recently published in Collier's Magazine some letters that he wrote to his father during his visit to Spain earlier this year. Franco he found to be "a very sincere, serious and intelligent man . . . loyal to his God, devoted to his country's welfare and definitely willing to sacrifice himself in any capacity and to any extent for Spain." Of the legally elected Republican government which Franco's fascist revolution overthrew, Spellman writes, "It was this group of Loyalists or Communists that assumed power in Spain at the time when King Alfonso XIII fled." His other comments on the personalities and politics of modern Spain are of a piece with these two excerpts. It should not be necessary at this late date to point out the distortion and downright inaccuracy that is given further currency by the Archbishop. Franco has shown by his deeds that he is cut from the same cloth as Hitler and Mussolini, if the pattern is varied in unimportant details by the circumstances of his Spanish origin. Spellman's characterization of Republican Spain as Communist flies in the face of the fact that the government against which Franco and his fellow generals revolted contained not a single Communist; indeed the Spanish Communist Party in 1936 was pitifully small. Communism became a power in Spain *after* the fascist rebellion and, in a sense, *because* of it. Russia was the only major power to come to the aid of the Republic, and Spanish Communists and those of the International Brigade worked miracles of heroism and organization in a war that was not of their making, but which gave them political and military opportunities upon which they were quick to seize. If Russia and communism now stand high in the admiration of the tyrannized people of Spain, Spellman has his friend Franco to thank.

## An Appeal to Liberal Catholics

We hope that those Catholics who hate fascism and value the truth will speak out against the Archbishop's statements. They must know that Spain in 1936 was a liberal, democratic republic. They must know that Largo Caballero, Manuel Azaña, Alvarez del Vayo and the majority of the Spaniards who voted for the Republic and fought for it against the massed forces of Franco, Mussolini and Hitler were never Communists. They must know that Franco—"loyal to his God, devoted to his country's welfare"—is responsible for the deaths of thousands of Catholics, for the destruction of Guernica, the holy city of the Basque Catholics, for the indiscriminate bombing of the women and children of Madrid, Barcelona and Valencia. Let them speak out now if they wish to be known as liberals.

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"Everything is going just fine according to plan!"

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### Food for War Workers

It is very good news that the War Food Administration has at last got around to the formation of a committee to speed up expansion of the industrial feeding program.

Since the very beginning of the defense program, it has been clear that there was need for a food plan for war-workers in this country to parallel what the British have accomplished on this score. The extra rations war-workers have received at the factory in Britain for several years now have certainly played a large part in their increased productive efficiency. Our own food officials have solemnly accepted this fact but they have been unable, apparently, to put into effect any program which would similarly fit into our production schedule.

Factory canteens, supplying highly nutritive meals at very low cost, are in operation in Great Britain. We have advanced only to the stage of having our War Food Administration appoint a committee to discuss the possibility of improving our system of feeding war-workers.

## Civil War in Allied Europe

With America's attention fixed on the military campaigns and on the formal diplomatic conversations among the Allies, there is a danger that we will take a superficial view of Europe and fail to see the conflict of social and political energies beneath the surface. But much of what is happening in Europe now can be better grasped in terms of this conflict than in any other terms.

This will be apparent from even the most rapid survey of the Mediterranean area, from which we are approaching the task of liberating Europe from the Nazis. In France the struggle has been between the inheritors of the French Revolution and the military-bureaucratic class. It has been temporarily resolved in favor of the former through the functioning and recognition of the Committee of National Liberation; yet it would be excessive optimism to say that the fight has been won, or that the struggle is not still going on within the committee. But, at least, it now proceeds through constitutional channels. As for the future, everything depends on what happens when the struggle is transferred from North Africa and Corsica to the French mainland. If we act wisely, a Fourth French Republic can be set up. If we do not, the slumbering energies of another French civil war may be awakened.

In Italy the civil-war forces are just beginning to show themselves. We are not now referring to the agony which the Italians are suffering in ousting their Nazi conquerors: with the aid of the Anglo-American armies the Nazis will inevitably be pushed out, and Mussolini's puppet government—which is only Nazism hiding behind the grimace of an Italian buffoon—will flee in ignominy. What is more serious for the long-run future is the clash of conceptions between the forces in Italy and among the Allies which want a Badoglio regime under the House of Savoy, and those which want a democratic regime.

To draw a parallel with the French situation, the struggle is between the heritage of Mazzini and Garibaldi and the capitalist-clerical-bureaucratic class. The Badoglio government has declared war on the Germans. But it has also, in effect, declared war on the forces of a democratic revolution within Italy. In an interview published last week in the British field newspaper in Italy, The Eighth Army News, Badoglio said, "The Allies must help us, in the press and in propaganda, so that communism does not stand a chance." Since there can be no question of the desire of the British and American governments to give Badoglio this "help," the appeal is obviously addressed to the rank and file of our military and civilians.

It is true that the Communists will have a chance if constitutional government fails, whether it is monarchist or democratic. Yet did Badoglio mean this? Anti-democratic movements are so customarily dressed up as anti-Communist ones that both the American and the British people will be justified in being suspicious.

It is in the Balkans that the internal conflict among the enemies of the Nazis has thus far taken its sharpest form. In Greece, according to reports last week by C. L. Sulzberger, there are three rival guerrilla armies, with three different political complexions. The tragedy does not lie in this fact, for there is room for political differences even in a country at war. What is tragic is that the guerrilla bands are evidently using up more energy in making war on each other than in making war on their German masters. And in Yugoslavia, while the struggle between the Mihailovich army and the Partisans of General Tito has been partly alleviated, it has not been resolved. Each of them is now using his major energies in fighting the Germans. But it is entirely possible that as soon as the sharp crisis is over, they will turn again to destroy one another.

The Balkan situation differs in one respect from that of the Latin countries. For the Balkan peoples are closer to Russia in geography, in the character of the Church and in political orientation. Their economic development is, moreover, not nearly so advanced as that of the Western countries. For those reasons the Balkans are more likely to come under the sway of an agrarian socialism than the Western nations, and—if Europe is to fall into spheres of influence—are more likely to fall within the Russian without in any way qualifying their intensely nationalistic feelings.

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There are many disquieting things about the European picture painted above. The most disquieting is the fact that peoples who are themselves riven by civil strife will not very effectively fight their Nazi conquerors. Here is one of the major problems with which the Moscow conference will have to grapple, at the very peril of Europe's future. For not only can this civil war endanger the fight against the Nazis: it can also endanger Europe's whole post-war reconstruction.

Let us put the case very baldly. There are the germs of civil war in Allied Europe, even where the conflict has not already actually broken out. The Nazis are consumate masters of the arts of using this civil war for their own purposes, both to dissipate our military strength and to confuse our victory when it comes. Yet it is not enough to recognize that this plays into the hands of the Nazis, nor to indulge in pious exhortations against it. For the fact is that civil war has been implicit in the European situation for a long time. And words and wishes alone will not be able to exorcise it.

The war began out of the seeds of civil war. It will not, in any true sense, be ended until the civil war has been resolved. And the only lasting resolution is in the direction of a revolutionary democracy among those peoples who passionately want it. Only such a democracy can ultimately bring either peace or stability to Europe.

## Alliances or Concert?

As THE FOREIGN MINISTERS of Great Britain, the Soviet Union and the United States meet at Moscow, there is one important difference between the position of this country and that of her two most powerful partners in the war coalition. Great Britain and the Soviet Union have a defensive alliance with a twenty-year term; the United States has no formal alliance with either power.

What practical difference will this make? This country and the British are working closely together in international affairs, both military and political; they are probably closer to each other at the moment than either is to Russia. Nevertheless the Russo-British alliance has priority in time as a formal promise by its partners, and presumably must influence any other decisions by both.

Take, for example, the question of the post-war status of the Baltic states. Moscow has made it clear that she not only will not raise this issue, but regards it as settled, and will not discuss it with the other participants in the conference. Latvia, Estonia and Lithuania have again become part of Russia, as they were for many years before the last war, and this action was a *fait accompli* before either Russia or the United States entered the present war and before the signature of the Anglo-Russian alliance. If the Soviet Union stands firm, Britain can hardly support any possible move by Secretary Hull to alter that decision.

Britain and the United States both have an interest in such questions as the future of Poland and Germany, and Russia doubtless wishes to reach an agreement with them on these matters. But if opinions differ, Britain cannot support a view opposed by Russia so strongly as can this country. After all, Britain and Russia are pledged to fight on the same side in any war in which either may be attacked, while the United States is not pledged to fight at all, and might conceivably—though it probably would not—take the opposing side.

In other words, this country still has theoretically the freedom to decide what kind of settlement it will forcibly protect, and the right to decline to protect one of which it does not approve, while the other two place their need of each other above the nature of any specific settlement. This difference cannot fail to affect the attitudes of the conferees; if sharp differences of opinion should arise, the result might be to drive Britain and Russia closer together and to push the United States into a new isolation.

Dominant opinion in Britain holds that that country is more deeply concerned with the creation of a firm international order to keep the peace than either Russia or the United States, since Britain cannot alone protect her interests against a formidable enemy, while either of the other two has enough continental resources and industrial power so that it might for a while remain isolated—however unwise such a policy would be over the long term. It is believed therefore that Britain's role is to win both other powers to international responsibility and to act as a bridge between them. The first step in this policy was the Russo-British alliance. The second step seems to be conceived as an alliance between Britain and the United States, suggested by Prime Minister Churchill in his speech at Harvard. That this suggestion is not too far from the realm of practical politics is indicated by the fact that it was also proposed by the leading candidate for the Republican nomination—Thomas E. Dewey.

Is this the kind of arrangement that would best serve the interests of the United States and the future of world peace? Wendell Willkie in his St. Louis speech rejected two-party alliances in favor of a four-power concert, including China. Even two interlocking alliances of the sort which the British apparently have in mind would seem to us distinctly inferior to a close linking, whether formal or informal, of the four major powers. Why should Russia and the United States have to deal with each other only at arm's length, through the intervention of a mutual ally? Why should the function of balance wheel be left to Britain? And since all the powers concerned are heav-

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lly affected by the future of Asia, how can they possibly act fruitfully on a world scale without the full partnership of China?

To be sure, China has not yet the military or industrial power to match theirs, but the potentiality is there and must be developed in any attempt to realize the four freedoms, while her population, geographical position and attitude toward world affairs make her an essential partner.

The cornerstone of future world organization must of course be agreement on the right kind of policy by the major powers, and they should retain the initiative to act without too much political machinery involving unanimous consent by all the nations that might be affected. Nevertheless there is a danger that the great powers will be suspected of imperialistic designs or of self-seeking in their trusteeship, a danger which must be minimized at all costs if some future challenger of the peace is not to be presented with the opportunity of mobilizing formidable support. It would seem to us that the danger would be increased by further extension of the system of alliances, and would be considerably lessened by the inclusion of China with the present Big Three. We believe that if a formal treaty is necessary, a four-power pact including Britain, Russia and China would elicit more public support in this country than a military alliance with any one or two of them. Still better, if the necessary guarantees could be included, would be a declaration of intention looking toward a perpetuation of the United Nations, with future participation, in some form, by all.

## The Fear of Unemployment

THE NEW REPUBLIC gets letters and articles from all over the country. Lately, we have discovered an interesting trend in our mail. More and more letters and articles are coming in, dealing with a topic that is getting little attention in the daily press or on the radio. At a time when war production is going full swing, and when there are fewer unemployed in the United States than there have been in decades, the topic, interestingly enough, is unemployment.

It is not difficult to explain why unemployment is once more beginning to attract the attention of our readers. War prosperity is an unhealthy boom, an economy with a high fever. The maladjustments in our economy were probably first made clear by the partial failure of the price-control program. In the smaller, less essential industries, in plants still engaged in civilian production and, above all, in white-collar work, wages never did keep step with the rising cost of living. The lower-middle class and the sections of the working class that have not been absorbed in war production today constitute a seriously dissatisfied, maladjusted group. And in rural areas, particularly in the South, where plantation owners refuse to allow surplus labor to migrate North in search of work, unemployment is already a serious problem, threatening to lower the standard of living through an artificially created manpower surplus, while the cost of living continues to rise.

Facts such as these make men worry about unemployment even while they are at work. The depression is still a grim memory; only ten years ago we were passing through its worst period. Inflation is a growing threat; men feel anxiety over their jobs, their incomes, their ability to earn ten years from now.

So our readers write in to remind us that the lower-income groups are today in as difficult a position as they ever were. They ask what provisions the government will make for post-war employment. Will there be another WPA? Will millions be laid off when war industries are converted to civilian production? Does the Wagner-Murray-Dingel social-security bill have a chance?

Evidently few of our readers have confidence in industry's ability to solve these problems. They are aware of the great technological advances that have been made in the last few years, but they fear, against the background of the depression, that advances in technology will again lead to lay-offs, the familiar "technological unemployment" of the thirties.

We feel that what our readers tell us is indicative of what a large section of the American public has to say about the dangers of unemployment. Undoubtedly, a great many Americans are living in fear of the future—but it is a healthy, realistic fear, the fear of men and women who remember the lessons of the depression, unforgotten during the war. These anxieties illustrate a highly important trend in public opinion. It is the men with the foresight to fear who can force a complacent people and a reactionary Congress to awaken to the threat of disaster. More power to them—more mail from them!

THE NEW REPUBLIC
*A Journal of Opinion*

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# New Personal Devil—Bureaucracy

THERE IS A new whipping boy in America today, one that has succeeded "the interests," "Wall Street," "the railroads," "socialism" and all the other time-honored favorites of politicians and public alike. This new focal point of attack for all the ills of the body politic is "bureaucracy," personified in the unfortunate individual who happens to be the bureau's director, the "bureaucrat." The floors of both Houses of Congress have been ringing with increasing denunciations of this scapegoat; he is responsible for all the lacks in the war program, all the deficiencies in our domestic life, all the ills of our social and economic system. Someone *has* to be blamed: blame the bureaucrat, because he does not have to run for reëlection, and, anyway, he has not been properly respectful to those who do have to run.

It seems trite to say that any large nation must have many administrative bureaus: the larger and more complex the civilization, the more bureaus are necessary for efficient governmental functioning. The War Department, the Navy Department, the State Department, are all "bureaus" in the large sense of that word, with each in turn subdivided into many smaller bureaus. These are accepted with very little question by the great majority of the American people; why, then, the increasing attack on "bureaucracy"? It is our purpose here to attempt to point out the reasons for this attack and to suggest several possible remedies. If the American people are to have the unity and the national understanding so essential to an effective program of war or of peace, it is imperative that we comprehend the role of administrative bureaus in our government.

*Bureaus Are, in Essence, Contrary to the Individualistic Spirit of the American People.*—To a nation that has been busy killing Indians, conquering a vast continent and developing the resources of that continent, increasing control of individual activity is most distasteful. Now, however, our great natural frontiers have gone. Daniel Boone and Davy Crockett would seem incongruous indeed in contemporary urbanized America. The tremendous developments in transportation and communication have made the United States of 1943 much smaller and more interrelated than were the original thirteen colonies. Increasingly has it become necessary for each American, for his own protection and liberty, to limit his traditional freedom of action out of regard for the rights of his fellow Americans. This has meant increasing regulation and control, and, as a result, increasing "bureaucracy."

Depression brought an intensification of this trend; war stepped up the tempo even more. It is only natural that the landlord who has always charged all the tenant would bear for his house or apartment should bitterly resent rent control by the Office of Price Administration. "Damned bureaucrats back in Washington!" The farmer who has counted on buying some new machinery whenever the crops brought in enough to warrant the expenditure runs smack up against the regulations of the War Production Board, which tells him that he cannot buy a new tractor, no matter how much extra money he has this year. "Damned bureaucrats back in Washington" are responsible again. Limiting of individual freedom of action, so contrary to tradition but so essential to an all-out war effort, is the first reason advanced for the onslaught on our federal bureaus.

*Much of the Attack Is Against the New Deal.*—It has been mentioned that bureaus multiplied in number and increased in importance with the national attack on depression, and still more with that on fascism. Both of these steps took place during the Roosevelt administration; consequently the attack has not only been on bureaus as such but on *New Deal* bureaus. This phase, incidentally, has not been limited to the Republican Party: its strength has been increased by the help of many Democrats, lukewarm toward the New Deal to begin with and now bitterly in opposition. The combination is well illustrated by the alliance of Republicans and certain Democrats against the domestic branch of the Office of War Information, the first element gleeful at the killing of another Democratic agency, the latter incensed by a publication of that agency which disturbed the traditional racial stratification. Now, with the increasing possibility that Mr. Roosevelt will run for a fourth term, the opponents of his domestic policy are redoubling their efforts to discredit the many bureaus established during his three terms, in the hope that the American people will thus refuse to return him to office.

*Bureaus Offend Special-Interest Groups.*—It is a truism that vested interests always oppose social change. This statement might be projected even further: far-seeing vested interests oppose even the *thought* of a change which might menace their interests, and they oppose any governmental agency that has the appearance of stepping into their own particular province.

The Home Owners' Loan Corporation was thus certain to face the strong opposition of real-estate interests the country over. The Farm Security Administration was equally sure to run up against large farming interests throughout the nation. When the Office of Price Administration suggested that the American people

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should know what they were buying, and mentioned grade labeling, the advertising interests from Seattle to Miami bellowed "Communistic." The Securities and Exchange Commission naturally was bitterly fought by banking and investment interests, and now it appears likely that the latter are winning the battle. It is somewhat incongruous, however, to see the final stab given to the dying National Youth Administration by educational leaders throughout America.

*Part of the Opposition Is Congressional Resentment Against Increased Executive Authority.* – This is closely related to, but not identical with, certain phases of the two preceding points. Congressional resentment toward presidential power is not by any means a partisan proposition. Nor is it necessarily just an anti-New Deal manifestation. Many serious and thoughtful members of both Houses have been concerned by what they honestly fear is a break away from our traditional check-and-balance form of government. When they see some administrative bureaus assuming unauthorized power, this fear is intensified. A less worthy motive is that many legislators have been unable to have their patronage ambitions satisfied by bureau heads.

This cleavage between executive and legislative branches of the national government is, of course, not new. It has existed in many administrations, especially during the latter years of those administrations. Cleveland, Theodore Roosevelt, Wilson and Hoover all faced this situation, albeit reluctantly. President Roosevelt was granted increasing emergency powers first during the depression, and then again after Pearl Harbor. The inevitable reaction has been setting in, and the poor bureaucrat has been forced to suffer as a result.

*Genuine Blunders and Mistakes of the Bureaus Have Contributed to the Attack.* – Governmental agencies, like all social institutions, have certain inherent weaknesses. They tend to magnify their respective jobs and to overexpand as a result. They tend to perpetuate themselves rather than to emphasize the jobs which they were originally created to do. They build up their own vested interests in the form of employees who naturally wish to maintain their positions. They have a tendency to lag behind the times. There is always present the danger of losing personal touch and becoming mechanistic and ritualistic in performing their functions. These weaknesses are inherent in *all* human institutions, religious, economic and educational, and political ones are certainly no exception. Many honest critics of our bureaus today have seen these weaknesses of governmental agencies without taking into consideration their need and their accomplishments.

Emergency and wartime agencies have all the above weaknesses plus some additional ones. Many of them were established in great haste, without a clearly thought-out policy and course of action. This has made for duplication of effort, for slowness of action, for inconsistency and for waste in certain instances. Moreover, many square pegs have found their way into round holes, and poorly placed personnel has furnished a most advantageous point of attack for critics, honest and otherwise.

The question naturally arises, "What are we going to do about it?" Bureaus are necessary, in spite of the clamor of cheap political opposition, narrow sectional opposition and blind ignorant opposition. However, neither partisanship, sectionalism nor ignorance should prevent us from doing our best to cure these evils without killing the patient. They are absolutely essential to the all-out war effort; the guns and planes and tanks will be of little avail if we have unchecked inflation, undirected use of manpower, squandering of our resources and limitless profiteering on the home front. Even victory itself will be hollow unless we have preserved the essentials of the democracy which we are fighting so hard to save. What then *are* we going to do about it?

I should like to suggest the following steps, not by any means as a complete program, but as a starting point from which we can work to make our national government function more effectively in this crisis. Many other steps will immediately suggest themselves, but these would appear to be the first ones.

1. There should be constant and continual congressional evaluation of the many administrative bureaus. Such evaluation should be individual in nature and not part of a mass attack on "bureaucracy." In so far as possible (and it may not be possible), this evaluation and ensuing action should be non-political in nature, with partisanship being subordinated entirely to the best interests of the American people. The mechanics for working out this suggestion pose many problems; however, unless the trend is in this direction, increasingly serious consequences will follow.

2. When an agency has fulfilled the task for which it was created and when that task no longer faces the government, the bureau should be immediately abolished. On the other hand, when it has been conclusively demonstrated that there is a need for the expansion of an agency, that need should be portrayed and adequate appropriations made for such expansion. The *job to be done* should be the sole criterion for action, whether that action be liquidation or expansion.

3. The merit system should prevail throughout all administrative bureaus in the hiring, promotion and dismissal of personnel. If this steps on time-honored political prerogatives, so be it. Ability rather than partisanship should hold sway. Where investigation reveals abuses, the responsible personnel should bear the brunt, no matter whose toes are trodden on in the process. Incompetent personnel should be weeded out without regard for sentiment, service to the party or any other

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consideration. It is hardly necessary to go so far as to demand five years' previous experience in the field of work involved. The much-maligned professor may be better trained for a particular administrative job than the much-praised "business man," heretical though it may be to say this.

4. Constant consultation between bureau heads and congressional committees would probably lessen much of the friction and misunderstanding which now exist. There is little doubt that in the past many agency executives have been careless on this point. This is not to suggest that such a relationship should be political or in the nature of soothing congressional feelings; simply that a working relationship, based upon coöperative understanding, will be for the best interests of all.

5. In the evaluation of old bureaus and the creation of new ones there should be rigid delineation of authority and a full and accurate understanding of the duties to be performed. Without this, duplication is inevitable, with resulting conflict, jealousy and waste. Much of the criticism that has been heaped upon our bureaus during the past six months has been caused by this duplication, and yet it is one of the easier problems to eliminate.

6. Federal bureaus inevitably mean increased centralization of authority. This trend, however, should not be permitted to develop without adequate consideration for the many sectional and local differences and diversities in our national life. Where regional offices are established, extra care should be devoted to see that so far as possible that office has autonomy to cope with problems peculiarly local in character. Furthermore, the personnel should be thoroughly familiar with local conditions, although it need not necessarily be chosen only from local applicants.

These steps, I submit, while general in character and while certainly easier to suggest than to put into effect, constitute a minimum program for making our governmental bureaus function more efficiently. Bureaus we must have; all of their evils are by no means inevitable. A democratic form of government will continue to have its three broad divisions of executive, legislative and judicial; this form will be dynamic, however, necessitating constant efforts at preserving equilibrium, not of preserving the status quo. The importance of national administrative agencies will increase, not decrease; we shall not go back to the "good old days" of laissez-faire, no matter how much the reactionaries would like us to do so. Those of us who are interested in liberal and progressive government have an important and difficult task ahead; the task not to criticize only, but to help our form of government to function at its optimum. In this functioning, bureaus will be important; let us work to see that we have as many bureaus as we need, but no more; that we have as much personnel as we need, but no more; that that personnel be as well trained and efficient as possible; that we counteract partisan and selfish attacks on these national agencies by positive action, not negative.

GEORGE E. OUTLAND

# The Ring Around the President

FOR TEN YEARS THE NEW DEAL has gossiped about the President's inner circle and speculated on who was closest to the President's ear and what he was whispering in it. The men around the President have shifted often enough to keep the subject alive. As the role of the President has grown to be unquestionably the dominant one on the world scene, his need for competent helpers has likewise swelled, and his immediate assistants and the kind of influence each exerts have become a more important subject than ever before.

The presidency of the United States is an impossible job. We expect our chief executive to be the leader of his political party as well as the administrative head of the government. He must be concerned with guiding legislation and also with the just execution of the laws. And in another sphere, he must speak for the nation in all dealings with foreign governments. In 1914, when federal powers and responsibilities were still far less than they are today, Woodrow Wilson was already keenly feeling the tremendous demands of the office on a President when he wrote: "The machine is so much greater than himself, the office is so much greater than he can ever be, that the most he can do is to look grave enough and self-possessed enough to seem to fill it. . . . I not only use all the brains I have, but all I can borrow."

Wilson's admirer, Franklin D. Roosevelt, has well heeded Wilson's words. From the very beginning of his administration, he too made a policy of supplementing his own great ability and experience with all the brains he could borrow. His enemies made the most of the original "brain trust," captained by Professor Raymond Moley, which surrounded him from 1933 until after the 1937 campaign. And they continued to fire away at the team of Corcoran and Cohen which succeeded Moley. The present White House staff, exclusive of the official Cabinet, includes very few who have stood by the President's side from the beginning. The war brought great changes. Robert E. Sherwood, the anti-Nazi playwright, inherited most of the speech-writing formerly handled by Corcoran and Cohen. Harry Hopkins moved from the secretaryship of Commerce to become full-time confidant and first assistant

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to the President. Administration stalwarts were pulled down off the judicial seats with which they had been rewarded and reëstablished at White House desks to make the war program tick: Mr. Justice Byrnes, Judge Jones and Judge Vinson came in rapid succession.

Serious illness removed two of the President's principal supports. "Missy" LeHand, his much-admired personal secretary, is still under strict medical care. Miss Grace Tully, her efficient assistant, has stepped up to Miss LeHand's job, but "Missy's" genius for handling the President is sorely missed by those who know how often she bulldogged an important New Deal matter through to immediate attention of the President even at the end of devastatingly long work days. Marvin McIntyre, the President's political secretary, who has never been able to come near filling Louis Howe's shoes, is now back after a serious illness. Many progressives who have always classed McIntyre as a Southern reactionary are glad that a good number of his duties were parceled out to others during his absence and that his continued physical disability has not allowed him to take all those duties back again.

But it is another Southern Bourbon, General Edwin M. "Pa" Watson, military aide and secretary to the President, who has stepped into some of McIntyre's former jobs. Watson handles the President's appointments and takes considerable initiative in deciding who gets in and who stays out. Watson regularly accompanies Press Secretary Steve Early to the President's bedroom the first thing each morning to settle the schedule for the day. McIntyre makes a third member of this squad, now that he is back.

This inner secretariat probably has a more intimate relationship with the President than anyone except Harry Hopkins. His top position with the President remains undisputed. What he does and what his influence amounts to are, however, vigorously disputed. Opinion is divided over whether or not he has "sold out" to big business. Many who have known Hopkins most intimately contend that his present preoccupation with the prosecution of the war means only that he is being tough-minded about the job, that he is urging the use of those who can best get the job done, and that when this is over he will again move in on the home front with the old vigor and thoroughness. Most of those progressives who watch the Washington picture closely, however, are now openly denouncing Hopkins for what they call his "betrayal" of one liberal front after another. He could have saved Wallace and Perkins and the BEW, they say. He is filling the State Department and the embassies with rich men's sons and is the main sponsor of the Somervell clique in the army.

The truth about Hopkins probably is that he has followed somewhat the Roosevelt position of going only so far as he is pushed, of utilizing reactionary elements for the accomplishment of the administration's work and goals, and that as a brutal realist he holds the view that this country is now in no mood to support social or economic reforms. It is no secret that Harry Hopkins admires Winston Churchill. Those who fear Churchill's ideas about post-war Europe also fear they will find their way into some of our policies through Hopkins, who now has tremendous importance in the foreign field. He dominates the Lend-Lease Administration, which apparently is to grow more important as an economic instrument of post-war foreign policy, and through his protégés, Edward R. Stettinius, the new Undersecretary of State, and Averill Harriman, the new Ambassador to the USSR, Hopkins will now have real influence in the State Department itself.

Following Hopkins in the White House hierarchy are the Administrative Assistants to the President, that group of "young men with a passion for anonymity" appointed after the reorganization bill of 1939 to meet the need for an enlarged staff of competent men to facilitate handling the growing volume of departmental matters requiring the President's attention. Commentators have remarked that as things have worked out, this group has more anonymity than passion.

At present, the men on the payroll of the United States Government to render these services are: William H. McReynolds, Lowell Mellett, David K. Niles, James M. Barnes and Jonathan Daniels. Eugene Casey falls approximately in the same category as these men, although his title is Special Executive Assistant instead of Administrative Assistant. However, it is not only in title that Mr. Casey differs from these other gentlemen. He is a straight-line party man and he neither likes nor admires Hopkins. Casey is a roving ambassador to state Democratic officials. He brings them greetings from the President, to whom he is personally completely loyal, and sympathizes with their troubles.

Dave Niles, the slick Boston bachelor who still spends his week-ends managing the famous Ford Hall Forum which he helped build, serves a useful role as a sort of Liberal Wailing Wall. He listens to the political troubles of the progressive minorities which daily descend on Washington from every part of the country and usually promises them that he will see that the President hears their story and that they get action. Usually the delegations go home and wait—and nothing happens. After two or three such experiences, if they can afford that many trips to Washington, the petitioners lose faith. The list of non-believers by now has begun to mount. Some disillusioned liberals who used to frequent Niles's office say that he has fallen into the same error Sidney Hillman fell into in his last days at the War Production Board. Hillman was trying to interpret the President to labor rather than to interpret labor to the President. Niles is following the same path, they say. But what should be added, in justice, is that the President and Hopkins, Niles's sponsors, have placed Niles in an impossible position. He has

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to promise and promise and promise and is never once made capable of delivering on those promises.

Jonathan Daniels, son of the President's revered old boss, Navy Secretary Josephus Daniels, in a way has been established to supplement Niles's activities. Daniels, a respected liberal, is assuming increasing importance in selecting men for key administration jobs where he works closely with Marvin McIntyre, another old subordinate of his father's navy days. And he also acts as a safety valve for hearing progressives' complaints about administrative discriminations against them or their causes.

Lowell Mellett came into the White House circle just before the 1938 purge to handle the toughest of Roosevelt's public-relations problems. Recently he has settled back into a quieter part of the job.

No one quite knows what William H. McReynolds is making out of his job of coördinating the federal civil-service-personnel system. He is supervising the greatest civilian organization in American history.

James M. Barnes, former Representative from Jacksonville, Illinois (1939-41), is supposed to be the anonymous assistant in charge of contacts with the Hill. Jim Barnes was handpicked by Speaker Rayburn, whose poker gang Barnes used to sit in on.

Outside the formal White House staff, there are several powerful sources of influence on the President. Mobilization Director Byrnes is the most important. The President likes and trusts Byrnes and so does the Senate. Next to Hopkins he is probably the most influential man around the President. He in turn reflects the views of his sponsor, Bernard M. Baruch.

Leo Crowley, the new Economic Warfare Administrator, is a frequent evening visitor at the White House. One smart politico says this is because Crowley is so "restful." The fact that he is considered to be the No. 1 Catholic layman in this country is important too. Apparently, after Jim Farley, the President determined "never again" on a single Catholic emissary. Now Democratic National Chairman Frank Walker talks to Catholics east of Chicago; Crowley handles those west. This is a big promotion from the New Deal days when Crowley only handled patronage, limited as it was to four sparsely populated states: Wisconsin, Minnesota and North and South Dakota.

Presidential advisers and assistants and speech-writers have come and gone rather rapidly through the ten years of the Roosevelt administration. Sometimes one man has had an unusual amount of the President's time and attention for short periods when some special matter was pressing. That man, in the gossip land that is Washington, for three years thereafter would be given credit for turning the President's mind on and off. Actually, that man and every other responsible person who has had any considerable contact with the President knows that he makes up his own mind after listening to the most widely varied sets of views. He listens to everybody and, being human, is influenced by what he hears and how it is said.

But there is no Rasputin under Franklin Roosevelt's desk.

*Washington* HELEN FULLER

# Pageant of Birds

I HAVE BEEN TOLD that this little account needs a generality of some kind made in the first paragraph to Northern readers. I do not think it does, since any generality could only be the commonplace belief I have that magic-making is often the strange compound of humbleness and pride. It is many times the projection out of humbleness to pride, or in the other direction, out of pride to humbleness, the way the saints, for instance, achieved it. Everywhere, the life in a town that goes mostly unseen, because it does not happen to the spectacular inhabitants, never fails to make its own spectacular events out of what it has to work and play with. It has nothing to do with where we live, that we make our own toys and make meaning or bedazzle ourselves out of what is at hand. These colored people I happened to see had got hold of some bright tissue paper.

One summer evening on a street in my town I saw two Negro women walking along carrying big colored paper wings in their hands and talking and laughing. They proceeded unquestioned, the way angels did in their day possibly, although anywhere else but on such a street the angels might have been looked back at if they had taken their wings off and carried them along over their arms. I followed them to see where they were going and, sure enough, it was to church.

They walked in at the Farish Street Baptist Church, which is one of the respectable churches of Negro-town, brick-veneered, and has no hollering or chanting in the unknown tongue. It stands on a corner in the business section, across the street from the Methodist Church, in a block with the clothing stores, the pool hall, the Booker-T movie house, the doctor's office, the pawnshop with gold in the windows, the café with the fish-sign that says "If They Don't Bite We Catch 'em Anyhow," and the barber shop with the Cuban hair styles drawn on the window.

I looked in at the door of the church and saw that the big frame room was empty of people but ready for something. The lights were shining. The ceiling was painted the color of heaven, bright blue, and with this to start on, decorators had gone ahead to make the

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place into a scene that could only be prepared to receive birds. Pinned all around the walls were drawings of birds—bluebirds, redbirds, quail, flamingoes, wrens, love-birds—some copied from pictures, and the redbird a familiar cover taken from a school tablet. There was greenery everywhere. Sprigs of snow-on-the-mountain, a bush which grows to the point of complete domination in gardens of the neighborhood this time of year, were tied in neat bunches, with single zinnias stuck in, at regular intervals around the room, on the pews and along the altar rail. Over in the corner the piano appeared to be a large mound of vines, with the keyboard bared rather startlingly, like a row of teeth from ambush. On the platform where the pulpit had been was a big easy chair, draped with a red and blue robe embroidered in fleur-de-lys. Above it, two American flags were crossed over a drawing of an eagle copied straight off the back of a dollar bill.

As soon as people began coming into the church, out came Maude Thompson from the rear, all bustling and starched in the obvious role of church leader. She came straight to welcome us. Yes, indeed, she said, there was to be a Pageant of Birds at seven o'clock sharp. I was welcome and all my friends. As she talked on, I was pleased to learn that she had written the pageant herself and had not got it from some Northern YWCA or missionary society, as might be feared. "I said to myself, 'There have been pageants about everything else—why not about birds?'" she said. She told me proudly that each costume had been made by the bird who would wear it. It seemed to gratify her when I went and brought a few more white people. We were seated, unavoidably, because we were white, in the first row, with our feet turned sidewise by a large can of zinnias, but in the first of the excitement we were forgotten and all proceeded as if we weren't there.

Maude Thompson made an announcement to the audience that everybody had better be patient. "Friends, the reason we are late starting is that several of the birds have to work late and haven't arrived yet. If there are any birds in the audience now, will they *kindly get on back here?*" Necks craned and eyes popped in delight when a girl in a dark-blue tissue-paper dress jumped up from a back pew and skittered out. Maude Thompson clapped her hands for order and told how the collection to be taken up would be used to pay for a piano—"not a new one, but a better one." Her hand was raised solemnly: we were promised, if we were quiet and nice, the sight of even more birds than there were represented on the walls. The audience fanned, patted feet dreamily, and waited.

The pageant, decidedly worth waiting for, began with a sudden complete silence in the audience, as if by mass intuition. Every head turned, and all eyes fastened upon the front door of the church.

Then came the entrance of the Eagle Bird. Her wings and tail were of gold and silver tin-foil, and her dress was a black and purple kimona. She began a slow pace down the aisle with that truly majestic dignity which only a vast, firmly matured physique, wholly unselfconscious, can achieve. She had obviously got to be the Eagle because she was the most important. Her hypnotic majesty was almost prostrating to the audience, as she moved, as slowly as possible, down the aisle and finally turned and stood beneath the eagle's picture on the wall, in the exact center of the platform. A little eaglet boy, with propriety her son, about two and a half feet tall, very black, entered from the Sunday-school room and trotted around her with a sprightly tail over his knickers, flipping his hands dutifully from the wrist out. He had bows on each shoulder. No smiles were exchanged—there was not a smile in the house. The eagle then seated herself with a stifled groan in her chair, there was a strangled chord from the piano where a bird now sat, and with the little eaglet to keep time by waving a flag jutting out from each wing, the congregation rose and sang "The Star-Spangled Banner." (This was before everything opened that way.)

Then the procession of lesser birds began, and the music—the pianist watched in a broken piece of mirror hidden in the vines—then went gradually into syncopation.

The birds would enter from the front door of the church, portentously, like members of a bridal party, proceed in absolute and easily distinguishable character down the aisle, cross over and take their places in a growing circle around the audience. All came in with an assurance that sprang from complete absorption in their roles—erect in their bright wings and tails and crests, flapping their elbows, dipping their knees, hopping and turning and preening to the music. It was like a dance only inasmuch as birds might dance under the circumstances. They would, on reaching the platform, bow low, first to the Eagle Bird, who gave them back a stern look, and then to the audience, and take their positions, never ceasing to fly in place and twitter now and then, never showing recognition or saying one word to anyone, even each other. There were many more birds of some varieties than of others; I understood that "you could be what you want to." Maude Thompson, standing in a white uniform beside the piano, made a little evocation of each variety, checking down a list.

"The next group of birds to fly will be the bluebirds," she said, and in they flew, three big ones and one little one, in clashing shades of blue crepe-paper. They were all very pleased and serious with their movements. The oldest wore shell-rimmed glasses. There were redbirds, four of them; two robin redbreasts with diamond-shaped gold speckles on their breasts; five "pink-birds"; two peacocks who simultaneously spread their tails at a point halfway down the aisle; goldfinches with black tips on their tails, who

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waltzed slowly and somehow appropriately; canary birds, announced as "the beautiful canaries, for pleasure as well as profit," who whistled vivaciously as they twirled, and a small canary who had a yellow ostrich plume for a crest. There was only one "beautiful blackbird, alone but not lonesome," with red caps on her wings; there was a head-wagging purple finch, who wore gold earrings. There was the parrot-bird, who was a man and caused shouts—everyone's instant favorite; he had a yellow breast, one green trouser-leg, one red; he was in his shirt-sleeves because it was hot, and he had red, green, blue and yellow wings. The woman parrot (his wife) followed after in immutable seriousness—she had noticed parrots well, and she never got out of character: she ruffled her shoulder feathers, she was cross, she pecked at her wings, she moved her head rapidly from side to side and made obscure sounds, not quite words; she was so good she almost called up a parrot. There was loud appreciation of the parrots—I thought at first they would have to go back and come in again. The "red-headed peckerwood" was a little boy alone. The "poor little mourning dove" was called, but proved absent. "And last but not least, the white dove of peace!" cried Maude Thompson. There came two doves, very sanctimonious indeed, with long sleeves, nurse's shoes and white cotton gloves. They flew with restraint, almost sadly.

When they had all come inside out of the night, the birds almost surrounded the congregation. They had a finale. They sang, lifting up their wings and swaying from side to side in time to the enthusiastic music, bending and rolling their hips, all singing. And yet in their own and in everybody's eyes they were still birds. They were certainly birds to me.

And I want TWO wings
To veil my face
And I want TWO wings
To fly away,
And I want TWO wings
To veil my face,
And the world can't do me no harm.

That was their song, and they circled the church singing and clapping with their wings, and flew away by the back door, where the ragamuffins of the alley yelled "Oooh!" and jumped aside to let them pass.

They were so proud of the pageant that I wanted them to have a picture of the group to keep and offered to take it. Maude Thompson said, "Several of the birds could meet you in front of the church door tomorrow afternoon at four."

As a matter of fact, there turned out to be a number of rendezvous which some of the birds failed to keep; and I never got the eagle, who has some very confining job. Loyal birds were finally photographed, however, Maude Thompson supervising the poses. I did not dare interfere. She instructed them to hold up their necks, and reproached the dove of peace for smiling. "You ever see a bird smile?"

Since our first meeting I have chanced on Maude Thompson several times. Every time I would be getting on a train, I would see her in the station; she would be putting on a coffin, or receiving one, in a church capacity. She would always tell me how the pageant was doing. They were on the point of taking it to Forrest or Mount Olive or some other town. Also, the birds have now made themselves faces and beaks.

"This is going to be one of those things going to grow," said Maude Thompson. EUDORA WELTY

# "One for All and All for One"

TO HELL WITH KNOCKING. Come in." So reads a sign on the door of the office of Russ Jack, son and heir apparent of Bill Jack, fabulous president of the yet more fabulous Jack and Heintz. His father's office requires no such advice; the door is never closed. Throughout greater Cleveland, where the five Jahco plants are located, industrialists hate the company, whose labor-management relationship is thus epitomized, only one shade less than they hate That Man in the White House. Workingmen on the other hand speak of Jahco in terms not unlike those the faithful reserve for Father Divine. Jahco is a full-fledged example of paternalism in industry—with all its benefits and dangers.

Regardless of what various groups may think about Jack and Heintz, it is today the most talked about war plant in the country. Jahco first attracted public attention last March when its management was summoned before Rep. Carl Vinson of the House Naval Affairs Committee to answer allegations of war profiteering. In the eyes of the government, Bill Jack, Russ Jack, Ralph Heintz and others had drawn unjustified bonuses. Adelaide Bowman, listed as Bill Jack's secretary, though actually his administrative assistant, received more than $39,000 for 1942. Out of the management's reply came a tale of the most original departure in labor relations since Henry Ford gave his workingmen $5 a day.

Jack informed the committee that not only had his company produced at less cost than competitors both for the army and the navy; it also was producing more units of indisputable quality per square foot than any other American war plant. He attributed these attainments to the unique relationship prevailing between management and labor, whereby "employer" and "employee" had been replaced by more than 7,600

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"labor and management associates in progress through coöperation." At Jahco, there are no workers, only "associates." The reminder, which no one is ever permitted to forget, may be seen wherever the Jahco trademark is on display. Precisely what does it mean?

Bill Jack, born William S. Jack in Cleveland almost fifty-five years ago, is a self-made man, up from the ranks of labor. He takes pride in the fact that he left school after the elementary grades. For years he was business agent in the Cleveland district of the International Association of Machinists (AFL). As a labor official, Jack believed and wrote in 1916: "I am not in favor of stop-watch time studies in binding each man to a time limit on each operation. I believe that the human equation should be the paramount question considered at all times. In establishing time records in various shops the question of the human body should receive the most consideration. . . ." Jack has told his associates that "things I advocated then are the things I am doing today." In effect, Bill Jack has given to labor in his plants those things which he, as a laborer, wanted from his employer.

The principal innovation at Jahco is informality. "Bill likes to be folksy," said one of the associates. People call each other by first names; "sir" and similar amenities are outlawed. Until recently, Jack knew most of the associates by name, but with the company's amazing expansion from a handful to more than 7,600, they must be satisfied with knowing they can call him Bill. Jack, who used to walk through the plants to pat individual associates on the back, now talks to them over a public-address system several times each month. The talks, the company's literature boasts, have the dynamic enthusiasm of a football-rally pep talk.

From the informality stems the freedom which prevails in the plants. Supervisors cannot be told apart from ordinary men and women working on Jahco products. Associates smoke, joke and talk on the job under an "honor" system, apparently successful, if judged by production accomplishments. They are free to leave their work places, provided production is under control and in accord with schedules. Associates work, the management maintains, free from the anxieties which labor elsewhere faces.

And to assure the human body the most consideration, Bill Jack has instituted a program of benefits feared by conservative industrialists throughout the nation. Nutritious meals are served free, at an average cost of 63 cents per plate to the company. The lunch I had consisted of chicken chow mein (with no shortage of chicken), steamed rice, rolls and butter, sherbet and coffee, tea or milk. Vitamin capsules are given out with the lunches as supposed protection against Cleveland weather. Associates have at their disposal complete physio-therapy equipment, masseurs and steam baths to keep them in condition. Coffee is always steaming in urns close to the work benches; doughnuts are passed out "on the house" daily. Probably the most unusual perquisite is a pair of work shoes, said to sell at $15. Jack remembers from his workingman's days that he wore poor shoes on the job and saved his better ones for Sundays. In an experiment conducted at the plants, it was discovered that back and muscle ailments were directly attributable to poor shoes. So each associate now receives a pair of good ones upon entering the family. The same kind as Bill Jack wears, the management beams.

Aside from new departures, Jack and Heintz incline toward going accepted procedures one better. Plants are well ventilated and well lighted; lavatory facilities are exemplary. Machinery is well spaced, in the interests of safety. Music is piped through the plants for fifteen out of every thirty minutes: request tunes of associates, pep songs, hill-billy ditties, swing numbers, popular ballads and a Strauss waltz now and then. Medical care is as fine as one could ask; it is equaled only by the service provided by Henry J. Kaiser and his medical chief, Dr. Sidney Garfield. Since the inception of the medical-care department last May, every associate has had a thorough medical examination and the department recently has initiated periodic check-ups. Each plant is equipped with its own dispensary. There is a dental clinic for emergency extractions, temporary fillings, X-rays and cleanings. These benefits are all free to the associates. Compensation, hospitalization and medical-care costs beyond the scope of routine diagnosis and industrial medicine are underwritten by a self-insurance plan financed by the management.

All Bill Jack asks in return is production. Production and more production. The company now does approximately $84,000,000 worth of business annually with the army and the navy because of the quality and quantity of its output. Production is so much of a religion at Jahco that associates work a 78-work week—five days of twelve hours each, one of ten and one of eight. They take one day off each month for a banquet given by the company in downtown Cleveland; and two weeks for a vacation at places selected by the company and paid for by the management. In days past, vacations were spent in Florida, but now the associates and their families keep closer to Cleveland—always in the company of fellow associates and their families.

In 1916, Bill Jack stated that the fundamental principles of the IAM included the obtaining of shorter work hours. This is 1943—and wartime. The long hours, however, make possible the monthly pay checks which some writers have described as fantastic. Jack told business editors that his wage scales actually are a little below the general Cleveland level, and one Cleveland labor leader told me that base-pay rates at Jack and Heintz average 15 percent less than at other local points. But the time and a half for almost 40 hours of overtime accounts for monthly earnings of $400 for

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a learner and $800 for an experienced machinist. Before the government called a halt to the practice, Jahco tried to balance low base-pay rates with bonuses.

There is no union protest because Jack has maneuvered a "back door" contract with his old IAM cronies to squeeze out the United Automobile Workers (CIO). Any decision made by Bill Jack automatically obtains union approval. The contract sanctions almost anything short of direct anti-union activity by the management. Originally, Bill Jack fled from Cleveland to the West Coast to evade the unions altogether. But when the CIO launched its sweep through the West Coast aircraft industries, Jack again pulled stakes, crated $2,000,000 worth of machinery, returned to Cleveland and summoned the IAM. Quicker than one could say "Jahco," a contract was signed, covering all associates except office and cafeteria workers and medical personnel.

What Jahco amounts to is paternalism in full swing. Probably the most significant factor in the relationship is the fanatic devotion of the associates to Bill Jack. He has amazing vitality and dynamism, so much that he thrusts into the shadow the retiring figure of Ralph Heintz, the engineer who has made possible Jahco's airplane starter and automatic pilot. Jack is a tireless worker and refuses to demand of anyone else what he himself will not do. Fifteen to twenty hours a day, seven days a week, on the job is routine to him. He has a cot in every plant for a quick nap: he rarely sleeps more than an hour at a time.

His associates' devotion to Bill Jack goes so far that he can command anything from them. He doesn't need time clocks or foremen, even if he failed to trust his honor system. Late comers are greeted with a hooting "wolf call" which is likely to make them models of punctuality. Those caught soldiering on the job or taking advantage of their freedom are badgered with cries of "Get your hand out of Bill Jack's pocket."

The closely knit clublike atmosphere based on this attachment to Jahco and Bill Jack compels one to speculate on what happens to individuals who are not "joiners." The management says quite frankly that if one will not work the 78-hour week, there is no place for him at Jahco. Bill Jack put it clearly about nonconformists when asked after an address how the company eliminates "deadheads." He told his questioner: "We don't eliminate them; the associates in the organization pick up his tool box and his body and throw him out the door."

Associates are sold on the Jahco way. Stop any one of them on a trip through the plants, ask him how he feels about the company and the answer is invariably: "I love it. I own this place. Never want to work anywhere else." There is a waiting list of more than 34,000 and turnover is said to be less than one percent. Despite this, many Cleveland plants assert that workers who left for Jahco are beginning to drift back; they cannot stand the 78-hour week. Frankly, I was astonished to see how fresh the associates looked when I saw them in the tenth and eleventh hours of a twelve-hour shift. None looked tired. Most were smiling and relaxed and tossing off quips at Cliff Jack (Bill's nephew), who escorted me on the inspection tour. It was something like walking down a small-town main street with fellow townsmen greeting, "Hi, Cliff. Wha'd ya know?" Of good fellowship, there is no shortage. Even the girls—there are about 1,800 women among the 7,600 associates—in trim slacks seemed like a Saturday-night group out for a good time.

Is this, then, the solution to America's labor problem? Although the Jack and Heintz formula has many salutory aspects, it is solely the personality of Bill Jack which renders it harmless. Isn't it conceivable that a shrewd, calculating man could use the plan as the greatest blueprint for union busting this country has yet seen? It is so subtle that one can become engulfed by it before becoming aware of its dangers. For it is a dangerous potential without the checks of trade-union organization. Under the IAM contract, the union is virtually impotent if the management gets off its benevolent wagon. This is a possibility. Even management representatives admit that Bill Jack will curb some of the benefits just as soon as, in his estimation, they cease to be necessary to maintain production.

The great danger is that, despite its unusual concessions to the ordinary working man and woman, the Jahco plan is not democratic. Jahco will not hire Negroes. The management contends that Negroes do not possess the skill to man the complex machinery, yet it takes women out of the kitchens for these very jobs. Negroes, they say, are also prone to "jitterbug" to the music over the public-address system; there is no concern over whites who do the same thing. Nor does the company like to accept "too many" Jews. There are some among the associates and the management is particularly proud of two in the research department. But they say that most Jews are likely to become too inquisitive and then raise racial bogeys when fired. Equality of the sexes is neither a conception nor a fact. Differentials exist between pay rates for men and women on the same job, and Bill Jack cannot overemphasize the fact that the women are going back to the kitchen as soon as the boys come home.

Beneath it all is the safe conventionalism of the nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Even personal relationships are involved. Bill Jack tried to keep this one in the family, but it leaked to the Cleveland newspapers and consequently the press-association wires. Over the public-address system, he reprimanded one associate for carrying on a flirtation with another of the opposite sex. He asked the single men to leave the married women alone and the single girls to keep away from married men.

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It is the same "conventionalism" which is reflected in the slap-happy signs throughout the plants. One machine is labeled "5th Ave. at 42nd St." Initials are carved in many places, like the patterns one finds chiseled on railings of old wooden bridges and on park benches. Art in the plant consists of what is known to the picture newspapers and magazines as "cheesecake" —nude and semi-clad girls, with emphasis on legs. The associates work together, play together, tease one another, sass outsiders. Even The Jahco News carries out the spirit to the letter. Its editors dare not alter contributors' copy on the tacit threat of ostracism.

Bill Jack discovers what the associates want from circulating "good-will ambassadors" who report what is wrong and how to rectify it. Altogether, Jahco is one, big happy family; but scrupulous vigil is kept lest a nonconformist be admitted by mistake.

Possibly, Jahco may be what labor wishes to see duplicated throughout the country. But militant labor, as a whole, sees Jahco for what it is: a mecca for men and women addicted to bingo, pep talks, lodge meetings, back-slapping familiarity and the willingness to work a back-breaking shift for the big money and overtime. One is reminded of the repartee in Marc Blitzstein's "The Cradle Will Rock," where Mr. Mister asks Larry Foreman to get the strikers back to the mills. He promises a library, a new school, a swimming pool and other benefits, but Larry's reply is: "From where I sit, all they want is a union."

In effect, Jahco raises (or brings down—take your choice) the level of the working man and woman to the plane of Rotarianism. The ballyhoo of advantages to be enjoyed as an associate obscures the liabilities of the program.

It would be inaccurate and ungenerous to say that Jahco is the beginning of the American form of fascism, but it must be remembered that Mussolini began as a Socialist, Hitler posed as a savior of the oppressed, Father Coughlin played on the distrust of capital and Huey Long rose to heights on the dictum of "Share the Wealth." Doubtless, Bill Jack is a sincere, 100-percent American who believes in the validity of "the American way." Perhaps he entertains no political ambitions at all. But the chassis he has constructed for labor relations may well be used as a come-on by men of less admirable motives.

Labor and management coöperation is essential for our future and Jahco must be complimented for its notable achievements in this respect. But Jacho's cooperation is not based on an idea, but on the personality and paternalistic attitude of one man. Words are vague at best. The Jack and Heintz slogan, "One for All and All for One," sounds inspiring, but to make Jahco the model for future labor-management relations, the company has a long way to go to convince the general run of labor that *one* is used in a collective sense.

ARTHUR HEPNER

# Home Is Where . . .?[1]

AFTER SIX MONTHS he had a ten-day leave and as soon as he hit town, he was sorry he came home. His mother sobbed, my boy! when he opened the door, and fell on him. His father just stood there, hands on his little round belly, beaming as he said over and over, "Albert, Albert, and look at the corporal stripes!"

It was the first time he had been called Albert in months—it seemed to start the restlessness. He kissed his mother and held her while she wet his face with kisses, then he put his arm around his father and said, "Hello, Pop," quietly.

All during supper they stared at him, asking endless questions, excited . . . and he couldn't tell them it was really nothing, he had finished basic and took part in two long problems—what was that? What was there to fuss and talk about?

It was worse after supper, he sat in the parlor and tried to smile as his mother asked the same questions over again, as friends came in and gushed, "Why look at Albert, a corporal—a man!"

An aunt asked, "Albert, you don't think there's any chance of your going over?"

Al lit a butt and said, "No, hardly any," and knew he would be taking the boatride in a few weeks. But how could you explain the desire to see action? It was something beside the question of right or wrong; you wanted to see the result of your training, to find out if you really were a soldier, to put your skill and gun to the final test.

The girl next door said, "Golly Albert, you seem . . . well, as if you were older than twenty. You are bigger."

"Can't you call me Al?" he asked, his voice so sharp she backed away. He wondered how he had ever been fond of this silly kid. He laughed and pushed his little finger into her stomach. "I feel like an old man," he said.

She giggled.

And when his father took out a bottle and he took a quick drink, his mother got red in the face and asked, "Why, Albert, do you drink a lot?"

"No, not a lot, just a shot now and then," he said, feeling the warm glow of the rye in his guts. Good stuff, he thought.

The mother was still worried. "The way you took that long drink . . ."

"I take a drink now and then," he repeated. Nor could be explain the boredom of small Southern towns where a shot on Saturday night was something to look forward to. Not that he ever became very drunk—it took the edge off things.

[1] This is one of a series of articles and sketches submitted in our Soldiers' Prose competition. These are paid for at our regular rates and there is also a special prize for the best entry submitted during each calendar month. – THE EDITORS

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For a while he answered questions and tried to think of a way of getting out of the house and when he saw there wasn't any escape he said he was tired and went upstairs to his room. The room looked comfortable.

He went to bed and smoked and knew his mother would come in soon. He was sure of one thing, it would be impossible to spend the rest of the seven days at home.

After the noises downstairs had died out and he was finishing his third butt, his mother came in—outlined by the hall light—looking fat and sloppy in her thin nightgown; he had never noticed that before.

She said, "Smoking in bed? Albert, you'll have to be careful or . . ."

"I'm careful."

She sat on the bed and held his hand. "Now tell me all about it," she said happily.

"About what?"

"About camp . . . and things. Remember how I'd come in here and you'd tell me all about the high-school dances?"

"That's right, I remember. Only this isn't a dance."

She hesitated, then asked softly, "Did you meet nice girls?"

"Yes, very nice girls," he said, thinking of the few whores he had known, the older women you met in bars, the "good" girls at the USO and "Y" dances, the lively factory girls dancing in the juke joints, the fourteen-year-old kids walking the streets in some cities of the South.

"I hope you didn't . . . well . . . become involved with any of them? A boy has to be so careful. . . ."

"I'm very careful. They give us lectures on that."

"What?"

"Lectures on—girls."

"You mean they . . ."

He said, "I was careful not to become involved."

She said I'm glad and squeezed his hand. They were silent for a while and he was embarrassed—he felt sorry for his mother, felt sorry without knowing why. She asked, "What about the camp? Tell me all about it."

"It's the same every day: get up early, exercises, chow, drill, chow, more drill . . . sometimes we go on the range, or have a problem—a hike."

"It must be terribly hard. I hope you weren't sick."

"It isn't too hard. In a way I enjoyed it. Maybe that's why they made me a two-striper."

"Albert, you've changed. You used to be so lively and full of fun. Now you're so serious, and so quiet."

"I'm tired."

"So full of jokes and . . ."

He thought, I have to tell her something funny. Al the funny boy. He said, "This is funny. I was helping in the supply room and one of the new ninety-day wonders was getting ready to give the boys the manual of arms. He thought no one was watching him as he stood behind the supply house and went through the manual—brushing up on it. I was watching him from the window. When he finished, he came to right shoulder arms and marched across the road, counting cadence for himself. Just then a private turned into the road and saluted the looie. The looie was rattled, standing there with a gun on his shoulders. So what does he do, he comes to *present arms!* Christ, the private almost dropped, he was so astonished." Al laughed at the memory of it.

The mother sat there and he knew her face was puzzled, even though he couldn't see her. She was waiting to laugh.

Al said, "It was funny, the looie coming to present arms for the dogface." It sounded crazy in the quiet darkness of the room.

She laughed a little. Al was sorry he'd started. He said, "That's an army joke, I guess."

They were silent again and he wished he could say something to make her laugh. Finally he said, "Guess I'll go to sleep now."

"Of course, the train ride was tiring. I'll wake you early and . . ."

"No, I'd rather sleep late."

"I thought you'd want to be up early, so you can start visiting everybody—so many people want to see you."

Al said, "I'll start in the afternoon. Sleep late and do some washing when I get up."

"Washing?"

"Yeh, my underwear and sox."

"Why, Albert, I thought you sent that to the laundry?"

"There was no laundry."

"That's awful. The girl will be in tomorrow, she can wash."

"Take me a second."

"She has to wash anyway and . . ."

"All right." He sat up and kissed his mother, trying to really kiss her and not just peck at her cheek. "Good-night, Ma."

"Good-night dear." She stood up and opened the door and stopped—looking unreal and ghostlike in the dim light. "Do you love me, Albert?"

"Of course, Mother. Sure I do."

She kissed him again and went out.

He lit a cigarette and wondered if he did love her. Yes, I do love them, he thought, maybe more than before, but in a different way. Jesus, if they would only stop treating me like a kid—I'll go nuts spending a week here. Maybe I can send myself a phony telegram, spend a few days in Chicago.

He blew a smoke ring into the darkness. He felt a long way from home . . . he didn't know where his home was.

PFC LEN ZINBERG

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# Washington Notes

## Post-War Planning at Last

EVEN THE MOST conscientious pessimist cannot avoid gleams of hopefulness these days over the war. London appears to be allowing itself more cheerfulness than Washington. No nation has ever taken the pounding Germany is getting on her Russian and aerial fronts and survived; the figures of Japanese shipping losses by our submarine action given out by President Roosevelt last week are also encouraging. In foreign affairs this has produced a favorable background for the crucial talks with Russia and Britain, while in domestic affairs it has done something no less extraordinary in its way—it has brought visible signs of life to Sen. Walter F. George's hitherto moribund post-war planning committee.

This committee replaced the National Resources Planning Board. The George Committee is now the bottleneck through which all federal post-war planning must pass. It is specifically designed to return America to prewar normalcy, only more so. There is a snug, comfortable, mellow mood about Mr. George when he discusses post-war matters. It is like a banker going over other peoples' loans. He has no sense of urgency. Demobilization doesn't worry him; his ears fail to catch the throb of gathering inflationary pressure in the boiler under him, as war profits stoke the furnace and he sits on the safety valve. But, unfortunately for Mr. George, he has got at least one active figure on his ten-man committee. This is Sen. Joseph C. O'Mahoney (D) of Wyoming. He is a glutton for facts. He ran the famous TNEC investigation. A National Association of Manufacturers' presentation copy of a book "exposing" the TNEC lies in Mr. George's outer office with the latter's name embossed on it in gilt. But that doesn't matter. It is doubtful if George even knows it is there. O'Mahoney has already gone to work on his big new problem. As chairman of a subcommittee he has presented a report showing the kind of potential monopoly the war has wrought: 70 percent of the value of all the billions of war-contract money has gone to 100 super-colossal corporations and there is geographic concentration, too. Disposal of the government-financed war plants will probably make it worse. O'Mahoney is brandishing these facts. He will dig up more of the same if he isn't stopped. Indeed, Little Joe threatens to do something that most observers here thought impossible—bring the George Committee to life.

Donald Nelson is in Moscow, but before he left an important plan was worked out for using the WPB as a center of post-war demobilization. While the plan is still in the tentative stage it calls for a start on dismantling America's war economy even while the war is on. This would be done in a series of descending plateaus, or stairsteps. The theory is that war production is now hitting such a level that ultimately some phases of it can be slowed down. Limited civilian production may recommence in certain fields. But the important thing, for the industrial world, is that the WPB would be named the demobilization traffic cop, who would reduce the whole process to orderly steps before the war or after it. It is easy to grasp the situation in a specific instance. Take the motor-car industry. If Ford, for example, determined to concentrate on putting out a new model after the war, it would produce a wild scramble. It is estimated that it would take 18 months to get the industry going under such circumstances, with large-scale interim unemployment. On the other hand, production of 1942 models might be resumed in only 5 or 6 months. The same thing is true of other industries. War production is already troubled by business executives getting jittery lest some rival jump the Armistice gun. Hence big business itself is now meditating the advantage of continuing post-war federal control. To them the WPB seems the logical agency. One reason is that it has on hand the daily working details of practically every industrial plant in the country. Another reason is that it is already used to allocating materials—the whip that would force recalcitrant plants to toe the line. Finally, it is argued, the WPB is ideal because it is chockful of big-business executives, each aching to quit Washington at the first minute. Hence the WPB would be invulnerable to one congressional accusation, that of seeking bureaucratic self-perpetuation.

Mr. Willkie has speeded up his pre-convention presidential campaign with his new series of speeches and appearances. It is getting so that Harrison Spangler, conservative national chairman, can't read a paper without finding a Willkie headline. Besides the St. Louis speech and the off-the-record appearance here before Republican congressmen who have been anxious to reappraise their 1940 nominee, Willkie plans shortly to invade the home territory of ex-Gov. Harold E. Stassen of Minnesota, whose name friends entered in the Nebraska preferential primary. Soon he will make a political address in Syracuse. Correspondents here are, of course, watching the show with professional interest. Most of them would now give Willkie a better than 1 to 3 chance for the nomination, though that is betting against the field, and some would even make it 50-50. The political question that competes in interest here is, What happens to Wallace? No odds can be quoted on this gamble. But Mr. Wallace personally remains unruffled. His interest seems fixed in a gallant determination to nail the liberal flag to the Roosevelt masthead; knowing probably, to put it in the baldest terms, that success in the undertaking will make it peculiarly embarrassing for the President to drop him next year even if he wanted to.

Republican Ways and Means Committee members became so convinced the Democrats would support a sales tax that they let their leader, Knutson, issue a statement deploring the step: not that they dislike a general sales tax, which they have traditionally supported, but because they wanted their rivals to take the full onus for expected unpopularity with labor. . . . British sources in Washington are less concerned over senatorial attacks on England than they are over the British reaction to it. . . . Soviet spokesmen explain the failure to invite Allied military observers to visit the front as due to unwillingness to invite Japanese observers along. The feeling persists, however, that lack of such observers symbolizes that Soviet distrust which it is hoped the tripartite conference will dispel.

*Washington* T. R. B.

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# The Perils of Tartu

"THE ADVENTURES OF TARTU" are the same ones that happen every morning in the funny pages to Vic Jordan, Race Riley of the Commandos and Flyin' Jenny, but they have been transformed into a movie of surprising freshness and enthusiasm. The hero is the English chemist, Captain Stevenson (or Robert Donat in need of a haircut), who is sent by the British Intelligence to destroy a German plant that is perfecting a most deadly poison gas, and Mr. Donat goes through Europe evading the bullets of Nazis and saving the lives of many people, until he locates the hidden gas plant inside a mountain near Pilsen. There he places four highly concentrated grenades into important parts of the gas works, blowing them up, then steals a Messerschmitt from several soldiers and flies home, with the sweetheart he picked up in Pilsen. The American director, Harold S. Bucquet (who made the Dr. Kildare series), and everyone in this otherwise English production went to a good deal of honest, talented effort to make you believe in and enjoy these incidents: half of the time you do.

This is the occasion of an odd marriage, in which the English way of making movies by starting with an idea and proceeding to make the idea out of the materials of the art, is unfortunately united to Hollywood's, which starts with a dozen or so formulas for pleasing every showgoer in America and then figures out a script to contain them all. The marriage is immediately indicated in a scene during the bombing of London in 1940. There is a two-ton bomb which has failed to go off but is about to, the bomb-disposal squad is called, and it turns out to be Donat, who must take the engine out of the bomb. Up to his entrance the film has had all the visual strength of character the English demand of their films, and as he straddles his bomb, looking for all the world like a mermaid riding an iron fish, he does as neat and pretty an operation of removing detonator from bomb as you could wish from the documentary-conscious British. However, just next to the crater in which Mr. Donat is doing his dismantling, a bed is seen, containing an injured child who cannot be moved, though the bomb may go off, and beside him, his courageous nurse, who won't leave him for any bomb. The dramatic nature of their presence along with their brave conversation as they carry on with Mr. Donat, moves the picture bodily to Hollywood.

To attract one's belief and emotions to material as obviously romantic as Tartu's adventures are, the director must enforce the most exact sleight-of-hand realism (which Hitchcock made famous), or turn the movie frankly into fantasy, satire or comedy. The directors of Tartu do it the realistic way, trying to show the problems, moods and transitions of the story in their most significant, concise and plausible way. Mr. Donat's adventures with the bomb, his airplane flight over Europe and parachute jump into Hungary (realized beautifully as a movie problem), the action at the construction job in Hungary, and Mr. Donat's whimsical transformation into the person of Tartu, a precocious Rumanian with a sing-song voice, have the true richness of scene and action to make them believably heroic and wonderful. And in an occasional place—where it shows a fear-crazed adolescent's face, or the war nerves of a wild-eyed young Czech—it does what no other war-fiction film has wanted even to try, and that is the showing of war emotion with all the power of the medium turned on, and so well it is no longer an attempt but an accomplished fact. But from the moment the love story starts the movie relaxes its hold, the affair itself is much too complicated and slow-paced to enter the picture in mid-passage, and it has not the virtue of being different from any average love affair in the movies, as far as acting, photography and material are concerned. The events that follow—the capture of the Messerschmitt, and the flight through the Wellsian gas works—are insufficiently original, believable, and deliberated on to be more than mediocre.

The playing consists almost completely of Mr. Donat, who has enough accents, characters and duties to perform to please a Barrymore, and Mr. Donat plays them like a Barrymore of the movies, the result being a clever performance of a chameleon character rather than a convincing, artistic one. The chain of events in Tartu has both too many links and some of Hollywood rather than English make, but it is constructed with a flair for and delight in adventure and in movie-making. MANNY FARBER

# Science and Technology

## Recent Cancer Research

DURING THE WAR, American science has been mobilized almost entirely on military problems, and most types of peacetime research have been stopped or greatly curtailed. There is one exception, however: the fight against cancer goes on with undiminished vigor. No specific cure or prevention has been discovered, yet progress has been so great that the scientists are decidedly confident—more so than they have ever been in the past—that the answer will be found for this, the greatest scientific enigma of all time.

Recent research has enormously narrowed the field of inquiry and thereby increased the hope of a solution. The scientists now know pretty positively that:

Human cancer is not a germ or virus disease.

It is not contagious or infectious.

It is not hereditary, though susceptibility to certain types of cancer may be inherited.

It is not caused by diet, climate, occupation (with very few exceptions), tobacco or alcohol.

It is curable in a large proportion of cases, if treatment begins early enough.

This last point is of course of great importance. Theoretically, every cancer is curable if treatment begins soon enough; and in actual experience, the chance of successful cure is far greater with early diagnosis and prompt remedial measures. Indeed, there are some types of cancer where recovery is possible in the great majority of cases, if proper treatment starts soon enough.

For some reason, many people think there is some social stigma attached to having cancer and they hesitate, for this reason as well as others, to go to a doctor when they fear they are developing such an illness. This attitude is not only unreasonable and wrong, but it may cost you your life. There is nothing disgraceful about developing a can-

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cer. It has no relation to the sort of life you have led in the past. Saints get them in exactly the same proportion as do sinners.

Some people, of course, postpone a visit to the doctor either because they don't want their fears confirmed or because they are afraid the doctor will laugh at them for hypochondria. Let me urge you as strongly as possible: *be* a hypochondriac in regard to suspected cancer. Go to the doctor whenever you are worried, and as often as necessary. Have a thorough medical examination at least once a year. Your doctor has a set of rules for a complete examination for cancer, or he can get a set if he will write to the National Cancer Institute, Bethesda, Maryland, or to the Memorial Hospital for the Treatment of Cancer and Allied Diseases, 444 East Sixty-eighth Street, New York City. In the meantime, here are seven danger signals for which you yourself can look:

1. Any abnormal lump or thickening in the tissues of the body.
2. Any irregular bleeding or discharge from any of the bodily openings.
3. Any sore that refuses to heal.
4. Any sudden, persistent indigestion, going on for weeks, for which there is no other good explanation.
5. Sudden changes in any mole or wart.
6. Persistent hoarseness not otherwise explained.
7. Pain (which, however, usually does not occur until a fairly advanced state has been reached).

Much has been done in recent years to spread information regarding cancer, in order to reduce the morbid dread of the disease and bring it out into the everyday world. The American Society for Control of Cancer, of 350 Madison Avenue, New York City, has done an excellent publicity job. Twenty-three thousand of its volunteer workers throughout the United States have distributed, from house to house or otherwise, no less than 4,000,000 simply written pamphlets dealing with cancer.

It is well to remember that there are many tumors that are not malignant. If a woman has a lump in her breast, for instance, she should certainly see her doctor at once, but it is by no means certain that she has cancer.

It is commonly said that cancer occurs when your own normal cells, of which your entire body is composed, suddenly begin to run riot, but this is not strictly true. There are many types of cancer, some of which closely resemble the normal cell structure while others are very far from it. It is certainly the case, however, that with any cancer the growth-inhibiting factor, whatever that is, no longer operates, and cells begin to proliferate uncontrollably. They may grow through the wall of a blood vessel, and cause a hemorrhage; or they may press upon one of the organs of the body, such as the stomach, liver or a kidney, and stop its functioning; or they may press upon a nerve or the spinal cord and produce paralysis. Once in a long while, a cancer that has begun spontaneously halts in the same way: science does not yet know why. About two hundred substances are known to cause cancer, which occurs not only in man but in all animals and in plants. It is also caused by X-rays, radium, heat and strong sunlight endured over a long period of time. Men who smoke short clay pipes with hot stems for many years sometimes develop cancer of the lips. Chimney-sweeps who work amid soot are subject to cancer of the scrotum. Dye workers get cancer of the bladder. Cancer of the skin is four times as prevalent in the Southwest, with its strong sunlight, as in New England.

One puzzling fact has developed in laboratory research. Mice have been inbred for a predisposition to breast cancer for many generations until there is a very high incidence of the disease. It has been found, however, that if a newborn mouse in this line is taken away from the mother and receives milk from a foster mother of a cancer-free strain, that baby mouse does not in most cases develop cancer of the breast. It looks as though two factors were required: the hereditary predisposition, and some chemical substance, as yet unknown, in the mother's milk.

What has science accomplished thus far in regard to this disease? First of all, we have learned to produce cancer artificially, an enormous step in learning about it. Next, we have found out how to immunize against these artificially created cancers, though unfortunately not, as yet, against those of spontaneous origin. As stated, we have studied the hereditary factor by inbreeding mice susceptible to cancer, for many generations, until the proportion afflicted with the disease is far above normal. We have learned that a substance which produces cancer in one type of laboratory animal may be harmless or may create only a slight effect in those of a different species. We have learned—a fact of tremendous potential importance—that some of the internal secretions of the body will produce cancer in individuals of the same species; for example, one of the female sex hormones, when injected, will create cancer of the breast. We have learned that when identical twins both have cancer, they almost always have cancer of the same type, situated in the same organ.

Human beings are almost never used in experimental work in cancer, although one or two heroic scientific men have inserted cancerous material into their own tissues to prove that the disease is not transplantable under normal conditions. The fact that various species of animals do not react in the same way to transplantings or artificial cancers and that human beings are hardly ever used for this purpose means that research is somewhat handicapped. The only people who are ever studied, aside from healthy ones, are those in whom spontaneous tumors have already appeared.

In the treatment of cancer, surgery, X-rays and radium are still the chief weapons. X-ray machines are now far more powerful than in the past, shortening the time of treatment or reaching deep-seated cancer better, or both. Surgeons operating for cancer, like those doing other operations, now frequently employ the improved electrically heated, cauterizing knife.

One of the important products of that marvelous new machine, the atom-smashing cyclotron, is a long series of natural substances that are made artificially radio-active for various periods of time, ranging from a fraction of a second up to many years, depending on what the substance is in each case. Some of these materials, in their natural state, have an affinity for certain parts of the body; for example, phosphorus unites with bone marrow and with the white blood cells. Iodine settles in the thyroid gland, in the throat, 5,000 times more densely than in other parts of the body. These substances, when made artificially

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radioactive in the cyclotron, go to the same part of the body and fight the cancer cells, usually sparing the normal tissues. This treatment, however, is no magic cure-all. It merely gives another and somewhat improved tool to be added to those that already exist.

One important step in the alleviation of the symptoms, but not in the cure, of certain types of cancer has recently been developed. Some time ago it was discovered that in some varieties of cancer of the prostate gland, pain and disfunctioning are ameliorated through castration. Apparently the secretion of male sex hormones in the testes aggravates the condition. Since then, it has been discovered that if the male patient takes by mouth or by injection a female sex hormone called stilbestrol, the alleviation of symptoms is about the same. This does not mean, however, that the cancer is cured. A parallel improvement in symptoms among women with cancer of the breast sometimes follows removal of the ovaries. The relief of the symptoms of cancer of the prostate is most marked when the cancer cells closely resemble the normal cells of the gland. If there is wide variation, the treatment is much less successful.

It is interesting to know that a synthetic chemical based on coal tar, highly similar in its molecular structure to stilbestrol, is a cancer-producing agent.

Many efforts have been made all over the world to find some direct connection between cancer and diet. Various foods and condiments have been charged at one time or another with being responsible, but careful laboratory tests have always failed to justify these charges. After the last war, millions of people in Europe suffered serious malnutrition for years, yet there is no evidence that the cancer rate went up. Certain districts in China have repeatedly been visited by famine without showing any special incidence of cancer. Some doctors in the American South have reported a large amount of cancer of the cheek among factory workers who carry a wad of tobacco between the gum and the cheek, and who also suffer from serious undernourishment; but there is no statistical evidence that the second factor is important.

Avitaminosis, or dietary-deficiency disease, is accompanied by certain local symptoms in the mouth, and these symptoms sometimes appear as well in individuals suffering from cancer of that region. At first glance, therefore, it might seem as though the vitamin deficiency has preceded the cancer. But unfortunately for this theory, the cancer itself interferes with the functioning of the affected area and can, unaided, produce the same symptoms. It is impossible to say, therefore, that the vitamin lack preceded the cancer even though we do know, as pointed out elsewhere, that persons with cancer are unable to handle vitamins in the normal manner.

It is certainly true that prolonged irritation of any of the tissues of the body may produce cancer, given the existence of some other factors that we do not yet know. It is only sensible to avoid a badly fitting dental plate, or habitually drinking extremely hot liquids. Gastro-intestinal disorders should not be allowed to continue indefinitely. Yet many people suffer all these things without developing cancer, and other people have cancer in the absence of all such factors.

Why do old people develop this disease in larger proportions than the young? When cancers are artificially implanted in animal tissue, there is no difference in the receptivity of young and old laboratory animals, though spontaneous cancers in infancy are extremely rare. It has been suggested that certain types of cancer may require many years to develop, and the reason we hear more of them today is because the average length of life has been greatly increased. Incidentally, some cancers apparently develop in laboratory animals and in man, not in the same number of months and years, but in the same length of time proportionate to the total life span. For example, a cancer will develop in six months in a mouse and in fifteen years, the same proportion of his total existence, in a man.

As a result of recent scientific advance, it now seems reasonably certain that the secret of cancer lies in the mysterious cycle of vitamins, hormones and enzymes. Vitamins, as everyone knows, are minute elements in our food that are necessary to the proper functioning of the body. Hormones, often strikingly similar to the vitamins in molecular composition, are the product of the endocrine glands. Enzymes are the "digesters," chemical catalysts within the body which help to turn one substance into another.

Work of tremendous importance has recently been done in analyzing the hormone and vitamin situation of normal persons and of those with cancer. At the great Memorial Hospital for the Treatment of Cancer and Allied Diseases, in New York City, examinations have been made of the urine of patients and of healthy individuals. It has been discovered after vast and laborious research that some thirty-six hormone compounds appear in the urine of a healthy person, in a regular and exact order. Those of an individual with cancer are markedly different; some substances disappear and some new ones are present. These changes are also found in the urine of a person from whom a cancer has been successfully removed, showing that they are not merely the result of the existence of the cancer, or of the efforts of the body to fight it, but go along with what might be called a "procancerous constitution." Work is now proceeding on analysis of the hormone compounds in the urine of persons with other types of disease, to give a better basis of comparison.

Although, as stated, there is no evidence that any specific dietary condition is associated with cancer, recent work proves a definite correlation between the disease and abnormalities in handling vitamins in the body. For example, it is known that cancer of the stomach is associated with inability to store and distribute vitamin A. This discovery has been checked by introducing synthetic cancer-producing chemicals into the tissues of laboratory animals, whose handling of Vitamin A thereupon becomes abnormal. These patients also have trouble in storing properly certain protein and sugar constituents of their tissues. In leukemia, the patient has difficulty with Vitamin $B_1$ (thiamin) and the cancerous white blood cells, characteristic of this disease, have an abnormally high thiamin content. A cancerous condition also upsets the enzyme system of the body.

Since it seems certain that the hormones play a part in the creation of cancer, one important line of attack is to seek what might be called "hormone inhibitors," substances which will inactivate the hormones. Extensive work is now being done in this field.

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Although diet is not directly connected with cancer, there is an indirect link. Diet for example can change the power of the liver to handle certain chemicals; and these chemicals appear abnormally in some types of cancerous conditions.

A substance called biotin sometimes appears in abnormal concentration in cancerous tissue (this is putting it very simply—too simply for the experts). Biotin's "opposite number," so to speak, is another substance called avidin. Hope has been held out that feeding abnormally large amounts of avidin to patients suffering with cancer might reduce the biotin content and relieve the situation. Thus far, however, these experiments have been disappointing.

They do point, nevertheless, to a possible very important line of attack. The cells of the body require food and oxygen, and cancerous cells are no exception. If we could find out enough about the respiration and nutrition of the cancer cells, we might be able to starve and strangle them, somewhat as sulfa drugs are used to starve and strangle germs.

From the work done recently, a new hypothesis has been developed regarding the way in which a cancer starts and spreads. It may be that because of some unusual condition which we do not yet know, hormones are secreted which are slightly abnormal. They are near enough, however, to normal hormones so that they are picked up and utilized by the appropriate organs. These abnormal hormones perhaps have different growth-activating properties. The cells influenced by these hormones are "tougher" than the normal ones, and in the struggle for existence, they survive and grow, with the harmful effect with which we are familiar.

An enormous amount of experiment has of course been done in seeking to find chemicals which would act on cancer cells but without interfering with normal tissues. Actually, three chemicals have recently been found which have such an effect. Two of them, however, are deadly to animal life, and the third is so weak that it would have no therapeutic value. Yet this is certainly one of the most hopeful lines of research.

It is quite possible that we may discover how to cure or prevent cancer before we understand its composition. For a parallel, consider the case of pernicious anemia. Until the year 1926, this was almost invariably fatal. Today, in civilized countries, it is practically never fatal. Beginning in 1926, we began the widespread, successful use of liver extract. Yet we still don't understand pernicious anemia.

Although cancer research continues to go forward in spite of the war, and important developments are taking place, the total amount of this research is far from satisfactory to the men who are engaged in it. Regardless of whether the secret lies, as it seems to do, in the vitamin-hormone-enzyme cycle, what is needed is an enormous amount of painstaking and laborious work tracking down one clue after another. This requires two things: men and money. In cancer research, as in every other aspect of life, there is a shortage of brains and ability. The country does not come anywhere near producing as many highly able men as it could use profitably. The other shortage is financial. Although the situation is tremendously better in this respect than it was a few years ago, it is still not satisfactory. As one eminent expert pointed out to me, at the present rate of expenditure on cancer research, it takes about seventy years to spend the cost of one battleship. If we would put the cost of ten battleships into this problem within a decade, there is certainly a good chance that the problem would be solved.

For the layman the best advice is: Have yourself examined regularly by a physician and make sure that he employs the full techniques recommended by leading authorities. On the appearance of any of the symptoms already listed, consult your physician immediately. Try to keep your bodily vigor, your resistance to disease in general, as high as you can. And don't worry! remember that serious as it is, cancer passes by nine people out of ten and that with most types you have a good chance of recovery if it is caught in time. The "Cured Cancer Club" has hundreds of thousands of members who are walking the streets today alive and well after having had cancer, in some cases many years ago.

B. B.

# The Bandwagon

Notwithstanding all safeguards placed around constitutional protection in America and notwithstanding the fact that the American business men led this country out of poverty and obscurity to become a leading power of the world, the present administration has repudiated the constitutional protection and abolished the system and put in its place the old discredited system of government by the people under majority rule. – *Dr. G. W. Dyer, Southern economist, as quoted in The Daily Times Herald (Dallas, Texas).*

FREE—CHILDREN'S DAY: GREENSBORO FAIR

All white school children of Greensboro City Schools will be admitted at the Main Gate upon payment of 3c Federal Tax, Tuesday, October 5, up to 7 P. M. – *An announcement in The Greensboro (N. C.) Daily News.*

On the Home Front

Exquisite Gifts in the Cartier Shell Design. Both in gold—the compact, accented with a ruby catch, $230; the clip brooch with an unusual treatment of sapphires and diamonds, $925. Prices include federal tax. – *An advertisement in The New Yorker.*

That All-Out Effort

We have taken numerous steps to meet the previous [paper] cuts. From the editorial content of the paper, we have removed a number of once popular and valuable features: the news index, handwriting analysis, "How He Proposed," Embarrassing Moments, beauty and love answers, daily true-story illustrations, one comic strip, all comic-strip overlines, George Rector's recipes, book reviews, Poems You Ought to Know, and Aesop's Fables. – *An editorial in The New York Daily News.*

Total-War Department

The City Council [of Wauwatosa, Wis.], in a move to protect sleeping war workers, enacted an ordinance making it unlawful for roosters to sound their early-morning reveille. Owners of the offending fowls must pay $1 to $5 or serve one to 15 days in jail. – *UP dispatch from Milwaukee, in The Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

*Our readers are invited to contribute to this column; $1 will be paid for each item used. Address Bandwagon, care of The New Republic. Please enclose the original clipping.* – THE EDITORS

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# Correspondence

## "The Great American Desert"

SIR: Mr. Rosenfeld's title, "The Great American Desert" [The New Republic, October 4], for the review of "The Best American Short Stories of 1943" was cheering, for fellow travelers like to have their own impressions confirmed. . . . Although I have not seen the 1943 volume, I have been rereading a number of the BASS volumes, arriving at the end very tired and thirsty and deeply depressed. . . .

His critical analysis is shrewd and I am glad that some of the shortcomings can be reduced to technical terms, for these, I am sure, will register on the modern mind more than old-fashioned fault-finding. . . .

Nearly all of the best writing between the two wars has been well on the decadent, what-the-hell side. The question is, will the story-makers now continue to write almost exclusively about frustrated and aborted people, who . . . do not even *live?* Or will they as adults face reality, which contains frustration, yes, but glimpses also of the heights and depths of the human spirit?

Perhaps he is right. Perhaps we had better just scrap the short story. Virtuosity carries its own doom.

*Tucson, Ariz.* HELEN CRAMP

## Free Enterprise

SIR: Your readers may be interested in the enclosed letter I have just written to the president of the Chesapeake and Ohio Railroad and some other people.

*Los Angeles, Calif.* LEROY ADAMS GRUMBINE

[ENCLOSURE]

Gentlemen:

And now the dirty work is beginning.

I note your ad in Time Magazine, with the sob stuff, shedding crocodile tears over widows and orphans, hiding behind women and children, like Franco's dastardly rebels at Alcazar. The "free enterprise" and "private initiative" stuff. Oh, yeah? Back to the days of apple-selling on the street corners, bank holidays, panics, Hoovertowns, "prosperity just around the corner," Centralia mobs; Cleveland May Day riots, . . . Sacco and Vanzetti murders, suppression of free speech, the days when twenty million walked the streets hunting jobs. "Freedom to SEEK employment where they would."

It was "free enterprise" that brought on the 1929 panic and made Hitler possible. It was "free enterprise" that supplied the Japs with the material which they are using to murder and maim the fathers of the "poor little guys" you are sobbing about.

"Determined to keep America free." Free to whom? Free for what? "To keep the government the servant of" (the masters and exploiters of) "the people." This is the first administration I have known that has attempted to serve all its citizens and refused to confine its services to banksters and Chambermen. I am still paying only $25 a month rent, whereas had "free enterprise" had its way, judging from the last war, I would probably be paying $80. I regard this as service. This is the first administration to give Big Business a little taste of its own medicine, and Big Business can't take it.

Your sniping at the government is the kind of stuff that gladdens the heart of Hitler. You are making more money under this administration than you have for over twenty years, yet, true to your species, you are ready to stab it in the back.

You might ask yourselves, individually, if, say about fifteen years ago, you were not admiring Mussolini. He made the trains run on time.

The technical and operating record of our railroads—safety, regularity, comfort, service—is marvelous, but their financial record stinks to high heaven, with its Goulds, Vanderbilts, Blaines, Huntingtons, Baers, Harrimans, Morgans, Van Sweringens, inflation and watered stock, fattening at the public trough. . . .

Maybe the soldiers who come back this time, and these little guys now climbing the stairs, won't be so dumb as those that came back from the last war.

## The American Birth Rate

SIR: I have read with amusement Mayor Maurice J. Tobin's talk to 5,000 policemen who attended a communion breakfast at the Astor Hotel, in which he said that birth control will bring disaster to America.

"In another generation," said Mayor Tobin, "Japan will have 10,000,000 to 15,000,000 vigorous young men, but America will have a population made up mostly of aging man and women unless this condition is corrected."

Even if the birth rate of the United States decreases from its 1942 figure of 22½ (corrected rate) to 14½, or a decrease of more than one-third, in 1975 we shall have 21,400,000 young men 20 to 39 years of age compared with 21,015,000 which we had in 1940. . . . In other words. we shall have slightly more men in the peak military age "in another generation," and in addition we shall have 11,400,000 more men and women workers aged 39 to 59 than we had in 1940. The 11,400,000 additional potential workers should come in handy in modern wars, in which it takes about four or five workers to keep one soldier in the field.

Many population authorities have shown that we shall have a larger productive capacity per person (as far as age is concerned) in 1975 than we had in 1940 and that there will be some 20,000,000 more persons, even if the birth rate decreases to 14½, which it is expected to do.

The Boston mayor is also quoted as saying that the birth rate of the United States dropped from 37 early in this century to 16 during the depression. The birth rate of the United States has never been as high as 37 or as low as 16 in the twentieth century. Its high was 30 in 1900 and its low was 18 in 1933. (Corrections made for underregistrations of births.) Nor does the Boston mayor say anything about the increase in the birth rate since 1933, which was in the face of the spread of birth control. In 1942, 3,000,000 babies were born to American mothers, which is the largest baby crop in our nation's history.

*Arlington, Va.* GUY IRVING BURCH

## *From The New Republic Mail Bag*

Rose Pesotta, vice-president of the ILGWU, sends us a letter urging immediate repeal of the Chinese Exclusion Act. She censures the AFL for instructing its executive council, at the convention in Boston, to make a thorough study of the question of possible future revision of immigration laws affecting Orientals. ". . . In this crucial period . . . there is no time for 'studying' these antiquated statutes," writes Miss Pesotta.

Houghton Mifflin and Company, 2 Park Street, Boston, Massachusetts, announce that applications for their literary fellowship awards will be received between November 1 and January 1. Two awards of $1,500 will be given in fiction and non-fiction.

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*Houghton Mifflin Company* have just published:— **FROM RIO GRANDE TO CAPE HORN** by Carleton Beals. Reviewers are calling it 'a pattern for the Western Hemisphere which can set the whole world an example. **JOURNEY INTO AMERICA** by Donald Culross Peattie, who has made out of a shrewd selection of high — and low — points from American history an inspiring self-portrait of America. **MEIN KAMPF** by Adolf Hitler, complete in new and less formidable format, a new and easily-read translation by Ralph Manheim of a book which has divided the world in bloody struggle. **BEST AMERICAN SHORT STORIES, 1943** edited by Martha Foley, a brilliant selection of the up-to-the-minute best in writing and thinking in the field of American fiction. **LOVE AT FIRST FLIGHT** by Charles Spalding and Otis Carney, a book of high (alt. 40,000 ft.) comedy about flying for the Navy, with a refreshing sting beneath its froth. Already in its 26th thousand. And finally **NEW WORLD A-COMING** by Roi Ottley, a best seller by a Negro about Negroes, that every American, white or black, should read.

You will want to read many if not all of these books. Check the titles that interest you. Remember them.

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# Fall Book Number

## The Poet of the Encirclement

ART, as the late Professor R. G. Collingwood pointed out, is not Magic, *i. e.*, a means by which the artist communicates or arouses his feelings in others, but a mirror in which they may become conscious of what their own feelings really are: its proper effect, in fact, is disenchanting.

By significant details it shows us that our present state is neither as virtuous nor as secure as we thought, and by the lucid pattern into which it unifies these details, its assertion that order is *possible*, it faces us with the command to make it *actual*. In so far as he is an artist, no one, not even Kipling,[1] is intentionally a magician. On the other hand, no artist, not even Eliot, can prevent his work being used as magic, for that is what all of us, highbrow and lowbrow alike, secretly want Art to be. Between the schoolmaster who quoted "If," and the undergraduate who quoted "The Waste Land," there was not so much difference. Had the former really read his poem, he would have had to say, "Yes, *if*. Unfortunately, I do not keep my head . . . etc. I realize now that I am not a man." Instead, of course, he said, "Admirably put. That's exactly what the boys need to realize." Similarly, had the undergraduate really read his poem, he would have had to say: "Now I realize I am not the clever young man I thought, but a senile hermaphrodite. Either I must recover or put my head in the gas-stove." Instead, of course, he said, "That's wonderful. If only they would read this, Mother would understand why I can't stay home nights, and Father would understand why I can't hold a job."

If today the war makes people discover that Kipling is good, it will be an excellent thing, but if at the same time they start saying that Eliot is "defeatist," it will prove that they have not discovered a poet, but only changed their drug to suit the new climate.

In his essay, Mr. Eliot draws a distinction between poetry and verse:

> For other poets—at least, for some other poets—the poem may begin to shape itself in fragments of musical rhythm, and its structure will first appear in terms of something analogous to musical form. . . . What fundamentally distinguishes his [Kipling's] "verse" from "poetry" is the subordination of musical interest. . . . There is a harmonics of poetry which is not merely beyond the range of the poems—it would interfere with the intention.

This distinction is real and neatly describes the difference between the kind of poetry written by Eliot and the kind written by Kipling, but, so defined, there are more verse or ballad writers and fewer poets, I think, than Mr. Eliot seems to imply. Ben Jonson, for instance, who wrote out a prose draft which he then versified, Dunbar, Butler's "Hudibras," most of Burns, Byron's "Don Juan," etc.

I mention this only because I agree with Mr. Eliot that Kipling is an odd fish, but doubt if his capacity to write great verse is a sign of this.

What is it then, that makes Kipling so extraordinary? Is it not that while virtually every other European writer since the fall of the Roman empire has felt that the dangers threatening civilization came from *inside* that civilization (or from inside the individual consciousness), Kipling is obsessed by a sense of dangers threatening from *outside*?

Others have been concerned with the corruptions of the big city, the *ennui* of the cultured mind; some sought a remedy in a return to Nature, to childhood, to Classical Antiquity; others looked forward to a brighter future of liberty, equality and fraternity: they called on the powers of the subconscious, or prayed for the grace of God to inrupt and save their souls; they called on the oppressed to arise and save the world. In Kipling there is none of this, no nostalgia for a Golden Age, no belief in Progress. For him civilization (and consciousness) is a little citadel of light surrounded by a great darkness full of malignant forces and only maintained through the centuries by everlasting vigilance, will-power and self-sacrifice. The philosophers of the Enlightenment shared his civilization-barbarism antithesis, but their weapon was reason, *i. e.*, coming to consciousness, whereas for Kipling too much thinking is highly dangerous, an opening of the gates to the barbarians of melancholia and doubt. For him the gates are guarded by the conscious Will (not unlike the Inner Check of Irving Babbitt).

Poem after poem, under different symbolic disguises, presents this same situation of the danger without, the anxiety of encirclement—by inanimate forces, the Picts beyond the Roman Wall:

> No indeed! We are not strong
> But we know Peoples that are.
> Yes, and we'll guide them along
> To smash and destroy you in War.
> We shall be slaves just the same,
> Yes, we have always been slaves,
> But you—you will die of the shame,
> And then we shall dance on your graves.

The Danes, the Dutch, the Huns, "the new-caught sullen peoples, half devil as half child," even the Female of the Species—by inanimate forces, Karela, the club-footed vine, the sea

> Coming, like stallions they paw with their hooves,
> going, they snatch with their teeth,

the ice,

> Once and again as the Ice came South
> The glaciers ground over Lossiemouth

and by Spiritual Powers:

[1] A Choice of Kipling's Verse. Made by T. S. Eliot with an Essay on Rudyard Kipling. New York: Charles Scribners' Sons. 306 pages. $2.50.

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They builded a tower to shiver the sky and wrench
the stars apart,
Till the Devil grunted behind the bricks: "It's
striking, but is it Art?"

Very softly down the glade runs a waiting watching shade
And the whisper spreads and widens far and near,
And the sweat is on thy brow, for he passes even now—
He is Fear, O little Hunter, he is Fear.

It is noteworthy that the *interested* spirits are all demonic; the Divine Law is aloof.

Given such a situation, the important figure in society is, of course, the man on guard, and it is he who, in one form or another, from the sentry on the Afghanistan frontier to the gardener

Grubbing weeds from gravel paths with broken dinner knives

is the Kipling hero. Unlike the epic hero, he is always on the *defensive*. Thus Kipling is interested in engineering, in the weapons which protect man against the chaotic violence of nature, but not in physics, in the intellectual *discovery* that made the weapons possible.

His ethics and his politics are those of a critical emergency, which is why it is impossible to classify them under conventional party labels, for they presuppose a state where differences of opinion are as irrelevant as they are to a soldier in a foxhole, and, in so far as they apply at all, apply to everyone, Democrat, Nazi or Communist.

Of the guardians, Kipling has profound understanding. He knows that most of them are prodigal sons, given to drink and fornication, acquainted with post-dated checks, now cruel, now sentimental, and he does not try to present them as nice people. But when he turns from them to the Sons of Mary whom they are paid to guard (the shift from religious to social meaning is significant), his vision becomes dim and his touch uncertain, for his interest is not really in them, but only in their relation to the sons of Martha, so that what he sees is either too soft, the exile's nostalgic daydream of Mom and the roses round the door, or too hard, the sentry's resentful nightmare of the sleek and slack stay-at-homes dining and wining while he and his sufferings are forgotten.

Kipling has been rightly praised for his historical imagination, but it is questionable if historical is the right word. If by history we mean *irreversible* temporal changes as contrasted with the cyclical and reversible changes of Nature, then Kipling's imaginative treatment of the past is an affirmation of Nature and a denial of History, for his whole concern is to show that the moment of special emergency is everlasting:

As it will be in the future, it was at the birth of Man—
There are only four things certain since Social Progress began.
That the Dog returns to his Vomit and the Sow returns to her
Mire,
And the Burnt Fool's bandaged finger goes wabbling back to
the Fire.

But if Nature and History are the same, how can Nature and Man, the Jungle and the City, be opposed to each other, as Kipling is clearly certain that they are? If one asks him "What is civilization?" he answers, "The People living under the Law, who were taught by their fathers to discipline their natural impulses and will teach their children to do the same":

This we learned from famous men,
Knowing not its uses,
When they showed, in daily work
Man must finish off his work—
Right or wrong his daily work
And without excuses

in contrast to the barbarian who is at the mercy of his selfish appetites. But if one asks him "What is this Law and where does it come from?" he refers one back to Nature, to the Darwinian law of the Jungle, "Be Fit," or to the Newtonian law of the Machine:

We are not built to comprehend a lie
We can neither love nor pity nor forgive
If you make a slip in handling us, you die

One might almost say that Kipling had to concentrate his attention and ours upon the special emergency in order to avoid the embarrassment of this paradox, for it is precisely when We are threatened by Them that we can naturally think of the ethical relation between Me and You as one of self-sacrifice, and the ethical relation between Us and Them as one of self-interest. It is precisely when civilization is in mortal danger that the immediate necessity to defend it has a right to override the question of just what it is we are defending.

It may not be too fanciful, either, to see in the kind of poetry Kipling wrote, the esthetic corollary of his conception of life. His virtuosity with language is not unlike that of one of his sergeants with an awkward squad:

Said England unto Pharaoh: "You've had miracles before
When Aaron struck your rivers into blood,
But if you watch the sergeant he can show you something more
He's a charm making riflemen from mud."
It was neither Hindustani, French or Coptics,
It was odds and ends and leavings of the same
Translated by a stick (which is really half the trick)
And Pharaoh hearkened to Sergeant Whatsisname.

Under his will, the vulgarest words learn to wash behind their ears and to execute complicated movements at the word of command, but they can hardly be said to learn to think for themselves. His poetry is arid; personally, I prefer this to the damp poetry of self-expression, but both are excesses.

His poems in their quantity, their limitation to one feeling at a time, have the air of brilliant tactical improvisations to overcome sudden unforeseen obstacles, as if, for Kipling, experience were not a seed to cultivate patiently and lovingly, but an unending stream of dangerous feelings to be immediately mastered as they appear.

No doubt his early experiences of India gave him a sense of the danger of Nature which it is hard for a European to realize (though easier perhaps for an American), but these are not sufficient to explain the terror of demons, visible and invisible, which gives his work its peculiar excitement, any more than the English Civil War expresses Hobbes's terror of political disorder. Nor does it matter particularly what the real cause may have been. The "mirror" that Kipling holds out to us is one in which, if we see anything, we see vague, menacing shapes which can be kept away by incessant action but can never be finally overcome:

Heart may Fail, and Strength outwear, and Purpose turn
to Loathing

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But the everyday affair of business, meals and clothing
Builds a bulkhead 'twixt Despair and the Edge of Nothing.

I get it as well as you-oo-oo
If I haven't enough to do-oo-oo
We all get hump,
Camelions hump,
Kiddies and grown-ups too.

W. H. AUDEN

# Two Views on North Africa

*Back Door to Berlin: The Full Story of the American Coup in North Africa, by Wes Gallegher. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. 242 pages. $2.75.*
*Report on North Africa, by Kenneth G. Crawford. New York: Farrar and Rinehart. 206 pages. $2.*

AT JUST THIS TIME last year in London General Doolittle went for a stroll in Bond Street and bought himself a pair of fur-lined gloves. He then appeared at the Army PX and laid in a supply of heavy woolen underwear. On his way back to Norfolk House where a military operation known as "Flame"—according to Wes Gallegher—was being prepared, he may have noticed chalk signs scrawled on walls calling for a "Second Front Now." And in the office of Lt.-Col. Joseph Phillips, former managing editor of Newsweek, the roving eyes of newspapermen fell upon some new dictionaries only partially concealed by the usually careful Phillips; they were dictionaries in Norwegian and Finnish.

Newspapermen who followed Doolittle's lead found the gloves and underwear useful in North Africa, all of which, as Marshal Lyautey said of Morocco, is "a cold country where only the sun is warm." The language lessons that some of them took may come in useful later on. Whether the Germans were actually waiting for General Doolittle and his associates on Norwegian strands we do not know, but in North Africa, as Wes Gallegher points out inelegantly and a shade inaccurately, they were caught with their pants down—inaccurately because when that party of Germans belonging to the Armistice Commission were bagged in the Hotel Miramar at Fedhala, they had their pajamas on, both coat and pants. And in seventy-seven hours General Eisenhower's "precision offensive," as Gallegher calls it, "had seized all of North Africa—a territory about equal in size to the United States from the Eastern seaboard to the Mississippi River."

A year later no one can fail to recognize the brilliance of the strategy of the improvisation that, on a shoestring, enabled the British and Americans to coördinate their efforts with the Russians and tip the balance in the war. Even if Italy does not prove to be a "back door" for actual invasion of the Reich, even if the much-heralded Balkan invasion does not come off, even if the real second front is postponed until next spring, the Mediterranean campaign, made possible by the North African coup, will have proved of immense importance. The Foggia airfields, one assumes, are already in use.

The Mediterranean is open. And the outlines of the war in the West are, to say the least, clearer. Kenneth Crawford goes so far as to say that "the African campaign changed the political character of the war." Or, he goes on, "if it did not actually change the character of the war, it at least changed the world's understanding of the kind of war the United Nations, now clearly the prospective victors, were fighting. . . . Whether this change was real or only apparent makes no great difference." Imagine! And the strange thing is that he doesn't seem to mind this change "real or apparent." Nor would he lift a finger to prevent the only apparent from becoming real. This at least is the conclusion drawn by this reviewer from the book that Crawford, with false modesty, calls "Report on North Africa." As a report on North Africa it isn't much; as a report on some of the factors that have made the change in the character of the war, as proclaimed by its author, it is interesting. In fact, while not a contribution to the history of the actual campaign as Gallegher's book indisputably is, "Report on North Africa" is important as what might be called a case history.

Wes Gallegher is an able AP reporter whose previous war experience was with the Nazis rampant in Denmark and in Greece. He has produced a crisp, informed and honestly dramatic account of "Flame" from its lighting in London to the final conflagration on the tip of Tunisia wherein were consumed Nazi hopes for Africa and the legend of Rommel's invincibility. He reveals any number of little known facts and there is every reason, given the obviously official ring of so much of his information, to accept them as correct. One is that the British government, while appearing to cavil, did actually support American policy on Vichy. Another is that General Eisenhower wanted the attack to be made across the Channel—though Gallegher does not say *when*.

Gallegher makes no attempt to gloss over the military disappointments. We gambled on beating the Germans to Bizerta—against terrible odds in logistics—and lost. It was, he says, a case of "too little, too far, too late." But many people will find here for the first time perhaps an understanding of the difficulties, the risks and of the really heroic efforts that were made in those months. General Eisenhower's candor and his willingness to have the story told as soon as the dangerous military situation of the first weeks—still insufficiently appreciated by his compatriots—was eased enough to permit it, has added enormously to his stature. On the "political" developments he did not fumble, as has been thought by some. He was bound by a policy of such a complex nature that candor about it would hardly have been possible, and in any case, Washington was the one place where the situation might have been clarified. "Ike" took the rap for others.

Gallegher's pages on General Giraud's pretensions to over-lordship of the Allied efforts, on his complete failure to assert himself as he had promised, on General Clark's ordeal in Algiers with the late Admiral Darlan, are important and will bear careful reading. Gallegher simply accepts the official line on de Gaulle, and thus his book, like Crawford's, makes strange reading at a moment when the strange and of course deplorable addiction of the French to the leader whose Cross of Lorraine was in truth a cross (to borrow Mr. Churchill's description) for the Allied leaders, has become apparent to everyone. Even Mr. Hull,

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we now hear, is resigned, though clearly the French, by their monstrous preference for a leader who never traveled the road to Vichy, as against a perfectly nice general hand-picked for them, have not won the Secretary's devotion and should be on their guard, remembering the old gentlemen's origins—for the feudist spirit of the hill country of Tennessee is something that can be understood by a people like the French, who have their Corsicans.

This reviewer shares Gallegher's feelings when he reports, "It was only too true and too tragic that the majority of American soldiers in Africa had little real conception of the danger and evil of the Hitler regime and would have preferred to be in the Pacific fighting the Japanese." The younger German officers, he says, were still good Hitlerites, despite their beating.

Kenneth Crawford went abroad for PM last March, spent three months looking around North Africa from Casablanca to the Tunisian front, came home and severed his connection with the paper on which he had so distinguished himself as Washington correspondent. His "Report on North Africa" is not so much a contribution to history as an exhibit—and in some ways a relic—from a period of national bewilderment that, as far as the French in North Africa are concerned, has been brought to a close because of the aforementioned perversity of the French themselves.

Crawford's rather slender contribution staggers and is bent almost double by a foreword which aims "to orient the report by stating the writer's major conclusion at the outset." This is that the political character of the war has changed in North Africa. It is no longer a "world revolution" such as he says "almost all American radicals and liberals" thought it was, once "the Communists had abandoned isolationism." After the elections, he says, the President "abandoned any pretense of leading a world revolution." And North Africa has been the proving-ground and amphitheatre of non-revolutionary warfare. This is a very interesting view. It raises several questions in the reviewer's mind: in what way does the conduct of the North African campaign (politically) differ in its essentials from our policies during the Munich period, notably our Spanish policy, and from our Vichy policy? This latter was indeed a means to an end; it was also an end in itself. As for the "non-revolutionary war," does Crawford mean to suggest that our leaders have the revolutionary impulses of the world under control? If not, why shouldn't he have written *counter* for *non?*

His report is interesting, though it makes no contribution in the way of new facts. Mr. Crawford seems to have picked up just about all the arguments available around the Hotel St. Georges in Algiers without having been given access to any hitherto unpublished information. His best pages are on his own observations on shipboard and in the concentration (or refugee) camps among those whom some of us, without subscribing to the "revolutionary war" idea, used to think of as our allies and even sometimes as the last conservatives. And one is happy and proud to find that *they* seem not to have fallen for the "non-revolutionary" war. Or so one would gather from the case of José Campos Peral, editor of an Izquierda republican paper in Almería and an old friend of the reviewer, who, according to Mr. Crawford, is still holding out along with his friends for "freedom on their own terms." Though welcome to leave that part of the world, "they actually want to go back to Spain."

Mr. Crawford went to North Africa in the company of Demaree Bess, unencumbered by any previous experience of African or French affairs—but with ideas galore. In Algiers he discovered that some of the correspondents there ahead of him, had fallen in with the Bolsheviki and were "unconsciously insinuating" their line into dispatches. Unconscious insinuation is of course the most dastardly kind. One can only regret that the other boys were so contaminated, for otherwise Crawford could have got them to help him with the simple facts of his report. Drew Middleton, Bill Stoneman, John McVane, Charles Collingwood, Phil Jordan—oh, any number of them—could have put him right on facts, leaving his ideas untouched. Laval, dismissed by Pétain in December, 1940, was not "quickly reinstated." He came back to power in the spring of 1942. It is incorrect to refer to Darlan as "a politician of the Left and a trusted friend of Léon Blum." A career officer with a Royalist background, he certainly played politics, with Left as well as Right, as later with Nazism and with us. The British did not "sink the considerable part of the French fleet berthed at Oran." They sank several ships but only disabled the Dunkerque temporarily while the Strasbourg got away. Madame Noguès, wife of the former Resident, may be Jewish as her enemies said, but *she* denies it, and what is relevant about her is that she is the daughter (or step-daughter) of Delcassé. Crawford's statement that the native has developed no architectural form of his own nor indeed any art "form" would surprise the rug-weavers of Rabat, the boy-dancers of the Berbers and the late architects of the Medersa in Fez and the three great towers, the Hassan in Rabat, the Koutoubia in Marrakech and the Giralda, which graces the Cathedral of Seville. It is inadequate to say that Giraud "abrogated' the Crémieux decree. Vichy abrogated it; Giraud maintained its abrogation. It is likewise inadequate to refer to anti-Semitic legislation as "German-inspired." As the Royalist paper, La Voix Française, in Rabat said soon after the arrival of the invasion forces, French anti-Semitism antedates Nazi anti-Semitism by about a century and is something to be proud of. Drumont, papa of the anti-Semitic school in the nineteenth century, was from Algeria. In a book presumably censored by the authorities it is surprising to find that the President's broadcast on invasion morning was played prematurely and was responsible for the "escape" of the German Armistice Commission. Those at Fedhala did not escape. Others, inland, had several days in which to make their plans for crossing into the Spanish Zone.

As to the simple facts of the situation. North Africa turns out to have been France after all. De Gaulle turns out to have had more strength than some people wanted to grant. By our tactics we have increased his prestige but we have not won his love. The deal with Darlan was perfectly logical. We wanted Vichy. We thought Giraud would bring us Vichy, as far as North Africa was concerned then, and the mainland later on. Giraud was helpless. For North African Vichy (Vichy-Afrique, as we used to call Algiers) would come to us only with reluctance and on its own terms. We were lucky that Darlan was there, granting that

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we were committed to the exclusion of de Gaulle. Our well laid plans brought us the surrender of Algiers only. Oran was smashed before Darlan issued his surrender order. Noguès fought with all he had in Morocco, and when he surrendered, after Darlan's order was given, it was because he knew he was licked. With Noguès there was no effective preparation, but we tipped our mitt to him two hours before and lost thereby the advantage of surprise. Where Darlan's "conversion" was really effective was in eventually stiffening French resistance in Tunisia, after he and General Juin had once countermanded their order to resist. All this is clear from these two books, especially from Gallegher's. What is becoming clearer is that, even if de Gaulle's importance had been correctly gauged, we would have wanted no part of him. But, what must also be clear is the fact that the peoples to be liberated do not calculate quite as carefully as we do, or with quite the same objectives. And many things are clearer than some would have them.

In Crawford's foreword, one reads that it is hard to get at the truth in wartime and that only now are we getting a complete understanding of the Civil War. Yes, but the Emancipation Proclamation *was* issued and proclaimed and no deal whatsoever was entered into with the slaveowners of the South in the interests of what, had it come to pass along the lines laid down in North Africa, would have probably been called by a Crawford of that day a "non-revolutionary" solution of the war.

JAY ALLEN

# Invitation to Romanticism

*Romanticism and the Modern Ego, by Jacques Barzun. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. An Atlantic Monthly Press Book. 331 pages. $2.75.*

IT IS precisely a hundred years since romanticism, with the failure of Victor Hugo's "Les Burgraves," was officially liquidated. Of any other subject it might now be reasonable to assume that all passion had been spent, and that discussion could proceed in calm of mind. T. S. Eliot, having outlived the anti-romanticism of Babbitt and Hulme and Maurras, declares that such catchwords have lost their meaning for the imaginative writer. Scholarship, under the influence of Baldensperger and Lovejoy, traces them back to their original context and reduces them to a problem of semantics. But popular usage carries on the war of words, twisting "romantic" into a term of abuse and fathering the sins of fascism upon the romanticists. Jacques Barzun, as a historian of ideas, is understandably distressed by this confusion. A *florilège* of confused and confusing quotations, which he has gathered from many recent books, is the best warrant for his own. Mr. Barzun's book is less a historical inquiry than a polemical counter-attack. Adopting a neo-romantic position, at the other extreme from the late Irving Babbitt, he maintains it with an equal excess of zeal. And, to echo one of Babbitt's favorite quotations from Sainte-Beuve, "Nothing resembles a hollow so much as a swelling."

It is only fair to add that "Romanticism and the Modern Ego," though it lacks the vast learning and high seriousness of "Rousseau and Romanticism," has all the intellectual flexibility and esthetic sympathy that are conspicuously absent from Babbitt's work. Mr. Barzun's approach is the more fruitful, because we have more to learn from the great achievements of the romanticists than from their little failings. But why, after successfully defending Rousseau, must he take the offensive against Locke and Montesquieu? After stretching the definition of romanticism to the breaking point, why must he define classicism so rigidly? "Romanticism is *finesse*," he tells us, but *finesse* is undefinable. Again, "romanticism is realism." So Stendhal thought, but he hated the romanticists and they ignored his paradoxes. Mr. Barzun, like Molière's dancing master, is anxious to identify his specialty with everything creative and constructive. He equates classicism, on the other hand, with academic mediocrity in the arts and despotic authority in politics. As for realism, symbolism, naturalism, whatever else you like—they all turn out to be sublimated forms of romanticism. Aristotelianism—by the same logic—would be a form of Platonism, the *motet* a form of plainsong, and metaphysical poetry a form of the Petrarchan sonnet.

If Mr. Barzun were as well versed in source materials as in critical and monographic studies, he might acknowledge that the romanticists were the first to attack romanticism. His bias disposes him to gloss over the considered opinions of Goethe and Flaubert, and to overlook such crucial documents as Heine's "Die Romantische Schule" and Baudelaire's "L'Art Romantique." And, though he cites Miss Dorothy Sayers, he does not refer to the greatest historian of the romantic movement, Georg Brandes, who might have proved a useful ally. Nonetheless, for setting the period from 1780 to 1850 into the broadest cultural perspectives, Mr. Barzun's interpretation can stand on its own merits—its vigor, range and suggestiveness. It falls down whenever it turns from "historic" to what Mr. Barzun calls "intrinsic" romanticism. Romanticism, in his last analysis, is not a style nor a program nor an institution nor an insurrection, but a temperamental trait. "For example," Mr. Barzun explains, "it is probable that there are Puritans at all times and places; but when a great many occur at the same time and place, then we have a Puritan period. In the same manner, there are heroic ages and ages of luxury"—presumably when the brave or rich men get together.

The battles that make men brave, the factors that make them rich—these are questions which intellectual history is permitted to beg. But the instincts that make men romantic must be pinned down, and Mr. Barzun locates them in a basic sense of contradiction, "man's double consciousness of power and weakness." He finds this point of view exemplified in Pascal, who was incidentally Babbitt's exemplar. Recently Theodore Spencer has endeavored to show the same attitude at the basis of Shakespeare's *Weltanschauung*. That will not upset Mr. Barzun's theories, for he regards the Renaissance as an earlier convocation of romantic-minded individuals. He would not agree with Ernest Seillière, however, in regarding our contemporaries as a last generation of romanticists; the trouble is that they have strayed away from romanticism. Mr. Barzun is a friend of modernism who is well aware of its faults, and who has chosen—by rehearsing them at the present time—to follow the precedent of Van Wyck Brooks and other friends of modernism. The chapter on "the modern ego," like the chapter on classicism, is an unrecognizable parody. The

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*frisson* which was admirable in Pascal is irritating in T. S. Eliot, and Lytton Strachey is reprimanded for finding human nature "a bundle of contradictions." In turn we find "schoolboy sniggering" in Strachey, "collegiate inventiveness" in Eliot, and in Sainte-Beuve—a reformed romanticist—"provincial and malicious intelligence."

From such heights of mature wisdom and urbane good will, Mr. Barzun surveys the war and envisages a classical *Walpurgisnacht.* All the revolutions of the twentieth century, right and left alike, add up to a revival of classicism. Hitler, in the tradition of Caesar and Napoleon, is the arch-classicist of all time. The Soviet regime represents, among other things, "a Pickwickian classicism"—which sounds comparatively genial, something like "Mission to Moscow." The romanticist, like everyone else these days, has grounds for hope. "America is the land of romanticism *par excellence,*" for Mr. Barzun, and William James is its prophet. But must we be ready, in endorsing James's critique of reason, to draw a blank check upon faith? A "new failure of nerve," celebrating his centennial, has been a howling success. A straw man prefiguring "the liberal imagination" has been fearlessly belabored. Signs are not wanting that Parrington's age of "critical realism" is on the wane, and that we are now being ushered into an age of uncritical idealism. It is another sign when Mr. Barzun indicts the unromantic Strachey for the crime of "destroying admiration." Debunking is dead, now for rebunking. New York Times, please copy. When the new history goes neo-romantic, when our most penetrating and accomplished historians feel called upon—like advertising men—to disseminate admiration, then Parson Weems will be vindicated and Henry Ford will be right.

HARRY LEVIN

# Vansittartism

*Lessons of My Life, by Lord Vansittart. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 303 pages. $3.*

WE HAVE HEARD so much from the English about Vansittartism—mostly in violent condemnation—and we have recently heard so many American writers preaching similar doctrines, that it is interesting to examine the case as presented by Lord Vansittart himself. I can't say that "Lessons of My Life" is easy to read, since it hops from place to place without telling a connected story. It is written, moreover, in that archly learned style often adopted by upper-class Englishmen, with each serious statement followed by a quotation from "Alice in Wonderland"—or preferably by two quotations, humorously garbled in an attempt to assure the audience that, whatever happens, Lord Vansittart and his peers will never lose their offhand manner. Thus, he says of Mussolini, "To be consumed by the vaulting desire to overleap oneself, and to fall rarely on one's feet, must ultimately 'injure the brain,' unless one shares Father William's reason for immunity." Father William was perfectly sure that he had no brain, as I found by rereading the poem. Lord Vansittart, who sometimes suspects that his readers are not intelligent, gives them all credit for having a prodigious memory.

But even when he lets his argument get lost in a parade of learning, it is fundamentally easy to follow. The Germans, he says in effect, have been responsible for every war in western Europe since 1860. War is the inevitable result of the policy enforced by their leaders and accepted by the nation as a whole. Unless they are completely disarmed and completely reëducated, they will continue to be responsible for the wars of the future. "All these people," he says, referring to the left-wing liberals and the Christian pacifists, "are still shocked by the discovery that I am anti-German. What else could I be? My whole policy has been based on that principle and has therefore proved itself correct." He learned to distrust Germans at the time of his first visit to Berlin, in the 1880's, and he continued to distrust them during his forty years in the British Foreign Office. His official career was wrecked in 1938, the year of Munich, because he refused to change his ideas. "The Germans," he says, "have killed, tortured, maimed, starved, plundered too much in this sad world of ours for any sane man to misjudge them. The contrary view I leave to fish and Fabians."

He is right, I think, to make fun of the Englishmen who argue or merely hint that the victims of a war are just as guilty as the people who started it. He is right to return again and again to the subject of German atrocities. He is even right to insist that the Germans *as a nation* are responsible for this war, and not merely Hitler or the Nazis. Often he has been charged with indicting the German nation and, he says, "I do not shrink from the charge. I have, indeed, instinctively returned to it, because the indictment of the German nation is the greatest lesson, the sum total of all the political lessons that I have learned."

He points out that the statement, "You cannot indict a whole nation," is a misquotation from Edmund Burke, and one that falsifies Burke's meaning. Being an organized political group, a nation can be praised or condemned like any other human institution. We should hardly think of saying, "You cannot indict a whole board of directors," or, "You cannot speak unfavorably of an incorporated town." Burke was speaking in much more lawyerly and accurate terms. What he said was, "I do not know the method of drawing up an indictment against a whole people." A people consists of the *persons* belonging to a nation, and these persons, unless they have been corrupted by their training, are likely to be somewhere near the moral average of humankind.

Lord Vansittart, however, does not accept this distinction. He wants to indict the Germans as a nation, as a people and individually. He thinks that the German Right and the German Left, the German Protestants, Catholics and heathen, the German capitalists and the working classes, the German fascists, liberals, socialists and even the exiles are all concerned in the general German guilt. All of them wanted to dominate and domineer in Europe. All were unbearable in victory and whining in defeat. All have been educated to believe in the special virtues of the German race and the civilizing role of the Prussian state. And sometimes Lord Vansittart talks in still more violent terms, as if it were not only miseducation but some innate propensity for evil that had warped the German mind. At his worst, he becomes infected by an inverted form of Hitler's racial theories—though he tries to avoid this fault—and talks about the Germans in almost the same fashion that Nazis talk about Jews.

There is not much danger that Vansittartism in its more

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truculent forms will have many disciples in this country. We could hardly believe that Germans are inherently depraved, considering that millions of us have German blood —beginning with Eisenhower and Nimitz—while almost all of us have German friends or neighbors. Indeed, our background tempts us into holding the opposite sort of false theory. We are so impressed by the personal kindliness and orderliness of Germans we have met that we find it hard to blame the nation as a whole for starting the war—surely the English must have been equally at fault—and we even find it hard to believe in the atrocities that the German government has officially acknowledged.

There is a sense in which Lord Vansittart is right, even though he carries his argument to false extremes. There is a sense in which the German people, the individuals in the plural, are partly to blame and have in fact accepted their share of responsibility for a war that they were hoping to avoid. The original fault lies far in the past, as Lord Vansittart helps to show by his quotations from scores of German writers. It consists in the acceptance by millions of Germans, and eventually by the people as a whole, of the myth that they are racially and rightfully superior. Similar myths have been accepted by other peoples, as notably by the British in India and the Dutch in South Africa, not to mention white Americans in their attitude toward Negroes. The greater fault of the Germans lay in making the myth an official doctrine, and in carrying it to the point where non-Germans, especially if they were Jews or Slavs, were no longer regarded as members of the human species. If the Poles, for example, were an inferior breed lacking the Aryan soul, which is the only true soul, then driving them from their homes would be no greater crime than driving cattle from the barn to the field—or to the slaughterhouse.

With this doctrine being taught in the schools, preached over the radio and even from the pulpit, a limited war against Poland was not unpopular; but the general war to which it led was feared almost as much by the Germans as it was by the French and the English. Correspondents in Germany during 1939 and the spring of 1940 reported that the popular mood was one of apprehension, mingled with a curious apathy. We know the month when this mood suddenly changed. It was June, 1940, when the people at home were not only certain of victory before the leaves fell, but were also receiving weekly packages from the conquered countries—sausages, silk stockings, furs, champagne, anything their kinsmen in uniform could buy with freshly printed money. The German military authorities knew exactly what they were doing when they set such a low value on the French franc that their armies could loot the country without ceasing to be legal and "correct." They were bribing the German people and making them accomplices after the crime.

There is some evidence that the massacres on the eastern front also resulted from a policy deliberately adopted by the High Command, perhaps after observing how the Japanese had trained their troops in China. It was a policy directed both toward the inhabitants of the occupied regions and toward the Germans themselves. One of its aims was to terrorize and, in some districts, to exterminate a hostile population as if it were a diseased herd of cattle. The other aim, however, was to implicate more and more German


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soldiers in these massacres, so that they would feel themselves tied by their own deeds to the Nazi regime and would fight to the death in fear of being captured and punished.

But for all the burden of guilt they have assumed, the German people—as distinguished from their leaders—have played what is chiefly a passive role. They have had to be lied to, bullied, bribed and driven into crimes in order to make them dependable tools of the Nazis. And the Nazi propagandists are afraid to relax their efforts for a moment, lest the people relapse into the standards of ordinary Europeans. On this subject, Dr. Goebbels became quite eloquent, in a confidential address to German newspaper editors and correspondents that he gave in September, 1942. "In Germany," he said, "there can be tolerated only one opinion on a subject, for if there were a second opinion allowed, the German people would, as we know from past experience, rally to that second opinion because they lack political training. This eventuality the government will not permit. . . . With people like the Germans, the government can conduct no frank policy. After nine years of post-Nazi revolution, their skins are still so tender that the slightest scratch is enough to reopen all the old wounds."

Lord Vansittart often ridicules the notion of there being any "other Germany" that is fighting Hitler. It is true that no such Germany has existed since 1934, in the sense of any organized and effective internal opposition to the Nazis. But there is something else that Dr. Goebbels fears, something intangible and none the less real: it is the "second opinion" to which individual Germans would rally if they were told the truth. That too is another Germany, and it may come to power when Dr. Goebbels and his colleagues are overthrown. If we can keep it in power, the first of our post-war problems will be solved—and without the policy of undying hate that Lord Vansittart wants us to follow.

MALCOLM COWLEY

# Beautiful Apologia

*A Certain Measure: An Interpretation of Prose Fiction, by Ellen Glasgow. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 280 pages. $3.50.*

In "A CERTAIN MEASURE," Miss Ellen Glasgow has brought together twelve prefaces from the Virginia edition of her works, published by Charles Scribner's Sons. To these prefaces she has added yet another, that to her latest novel, "In This Our Life." This is no place for a discussion of Miss Glasgow's achievements in fiction; there is scarcely room as it is in a brief space to do more than touch on a volume that is so rich and wide in scope and content. But it should be said that seeing the prefaces thus brought together in one mass does confirm the impression of the solidity and continuity of her many works, to emphasize the body of them. And critical comparative judgments aside, it could be said, I think, that we have had no other novelist who either would or could have written thus about his own work, a set of prefaces with such distinction, point, tact, wit and searching emotion. In these days, so vast and confused, when most books are at best only good material half-completed as literary medium, it is a notable experience to find a book so profoundly unified, so brilliantly quiet and proud and distinguished.

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That would imply the poetic side of the matter, the loving use of wisdom that Dante meant, the constant movement from within outward that Miss Glasgow establishes in the course of this book, so that no matter what the subject page by page may be, the whole presents a startling and luminous freshness like great memoirs.

On the side of simple fact, these prefaces weave in and out of their fabric an elusive variety of content. There is a social history of Virginia, the South, and American life in general. There is the record of novel writing, its movements and fads and verities, during nearly half a century. There is the study of the position of women, of the lady and her decline, of the changing literary material for heroines. And finally there is the account of each novel as it was conceived or written—many of them, as she tells us about "The Deliverance," flowered from a seed dropped carelessly in her mind when she was a child—and the moods, ideas, delights and agonies that went into their writing. This is perhaps the most notable element of the book, for we have here a remarkable combination of, on one hand, the writer's craft and practice, at times esthetic principles on a grand scale and, on the other hand, of personal autobiography and experience. The blending of the two, where at times the esthetic becomes personal and the personal becomes esthetic, is at its best a consummate performance, at the same moment learned and poignant, homely, elevated and boldly technical.

Miss Glasgow's first book was published in 1897. "The Battle-Ground," the first of her novels to be considered in these prefaces appeared in 1902. She tells us how in the face of an American fiction that concerned itself with historical pageant and sentimental approach, she was ripe, however innocently, for the first great realistic novelists, whose books were only beginning to be read then in America. The American school of refined realism, which had flourished chiefly in New England, had not at that time, she writes, surrendered the seat of authority to the brawny vigor of the Middle West. Mr. Howells was still the acting head of a severely regimented American realism. But having been always a rebel against regimentation in any form, she had not revolted from the Southern sentimental fallacy to submit herself to the tyranny of the Northern genteel tradition. She worked out for her youthful efforts a theory of fiction as experience illuminated, and more subtly, perhaps, she stated for her own uses the idea that whether the vehicle was conceived as romantic or realistic was unimportant, if only the novel "contained the breath of life and had been rounded out by its own organism."

We have Miss Glasgow's notations of young dreams and aspirations, the perception of those explorers of the heart, who are the true realists. We have the uncontrollable sallies into the wholesome salt of irony and the gayety of wit. The young novelist, we are told, admired Henry James, she even enjoyed his books, which so few of his admirers seemed to. She had no wish to imitate him, or anybody else for that matter. But even if she had wished to do so, she would soon have discovered that there was not room enough for her on that overcrowded lifeboat. At her first meeting with a company of authors she found that instead of the ripe wisdom she had expected to get from these bearded meteors, they were talking about the prices paid by leading magazines. If she were giving ad-


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vice to a beginner—but there are no beginners nowadays, there is only the inspired amateur or the infant pathologist.

The universe, as well as a love story, must lead to romantic fulfilment. In that Southern scene as related to literary creation and masterpieces, she notes the pride, complacency more human than Southern, a blind contentment with things as they are. . . . That airy inquisitiveness which frolicked so gracefully over the surface of thought questioned the Everlasting Purpose as seldom as it invaded the barren field of prose fiction. . . . A noble certainty that he was the image of his Maker imparted dignity to the Southern gentleman while it confirmed his faith in the wisdom of his Creator.

One of the elusive qualities of this book lies in the richness and variety of the transitions from one mood or degree of seriousness to another. The insight deepens in a passage, for example, where after finishing off certain male weaknesses, the author says of her heroine, Virginia—one of the very few good women in fiction I have ever seen come off successfully—that time had not crushed her, but, little by little, the years had nibbled away the very roots of her life. Nevertheless, goodness still clung to her, goodness and patience, and that lost instinct of a lady. For as the years are treading down the life of Virginia, so they tread down, not less ruthlessly, the feminine ideal of the ages. More slowly, but quite as inevitably, they were closing over the great tradition, which was older even than Victorian manners, since it had sprung from the dreams of Adam, and had been preserved in the eternal forms of religion and legend. All Miss Glasgow's treatment of this heroine and of the matter of "Virginia," the novel, is touched with this glow of feeling—a sense that "the pathos of life is worse than the tragedy"—with reasonableness and with a certain vigorous rebound that comes from humor, an intuition of dialectic method and a fighting spirit.

No matter what her earliest intentions may have been as regards time, place and the society portrayed, it was inevitable that a writer of so strong a nature should end by dealing with her own part of the world, which is her native Virginia, with its implications, of course, of the great world of human society at large. This volume of prefaces is never more significant and absorbing than in those passages where Miss Glasgow records her relation to the South, its effect on her, its reactions to her works, and her judgments of Southern writers of this generation and earlier, taking them either as creative artists or in relation to the region from which they sprang.

In the midst of such reflections she would naturally come to the question as to why it was that the old South should have failed to produce great books when it produced great men in abundance. As soon as we turn from imaginative literature to the uses of imagination in life, we discover that the creative art of the South was not a substitute for experience but experience itself, circumscribed and intensified. From a forgotten episode, an attitude, or a gesture, in the yellowed pages of an old diary, passion will start out, alive and quivery, charged, we are almost persuaded, with the significance, if not the subtlety, of metaphysics. Belief vibrates around us, the air thickens; and we are transported to an age in which the supernatural, or what we feel to be supernatural, borrows validity from the worship that still enshrines it. The whole scheme of living in the South was founded upon an idea of civilization not the less ab-

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stract because it was expressed emotionally and rhetorically, but with little help from the written word. If literature was deficient in realities, life was full of what we may call, according to our habit of mind, exalted or evasive idealism. Life was lived so completely in the open and in action, yet with so bright a flame on this particular aspect of idealism, that the need was seldom felt of a retreat into shadows.

The comments on Southern writers of today fall here and there, with appropriate point, in one preface after another. Among these comments is one of many to be considered: "It would appear, then, that the balance of advantage lies with the present. Yet we cannot deny that, in spite of all we have gained in substance and in certainty of handling, we have left behind us, in the dark ages of faith and sentiment, that special faculty of pure narrative which makes fiction interesting."

"A Certain Measure" is a wide and humbling book, and for all its crackle and façade of style and protective wit, it is a tragic book.

STARK YOUNG

# Defender of the Faith

*The Republic, by Charles A. Beard. New York: The Viking Press. 365 pages. $3.*

THERE IS A CERTAIN IRONY in the appearance of this volume which Professor Beard himself must appreciate. Exactly thirty years ago he published his great study, "An Economic Interpretation of the Constitution of the United States." The book was, of course, frequently denounced by patriotic numskulls as a scandalous slur on the character of the Founding Fathers and has been many times sniffed at by lesser historians for reasons equally irrelevant to its merits.

Now Professor Beard comes forth with another of his many books on American politics, which proves to be an elaborate and reasoned defense of American constitutional government and, in very large part, lo and behold, a vindication of the wisdom and foresight of the Founding Fathers. In no way has he found it necessary to repudiate any of the matter of the older book, which has withstood decades of scholarship and criticism with an amazing hardiness; but anyone who might chance to read the two books for the first time together would be struck by the mellow, not to say conservative, tone of the later one.

"The Republic" is a popular commentary on the Constitution, cast in dialogue form. It appears that two of Professor Beard's neighbors—entirely fictitious ones—came to him last autumn to ask if they might drop in once a week for "a kind of elementary course on current issues in government and democracy." "The Republic" is a record of discussions between these neighbors, the Smyths, and Charles A. Beard in the role of Socrates. It is an inquiry into political affairs by good citizens who, although they have their prejudices and limitations, represent no special interest and are devoted to the general welfare. Thus the conversations are fictitious in a double sense; their lofty air is disturbed by the nasty breath of partisanship only when the Smyths bring in their capitalist and labor friends and their internationally minded intellectual acquaintances. For many years Professor Beard has been the most distinguished advocate within the historical guild of the idea that objectivity

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among historians, however desirable, is a myth and that all history is written from the standpoint of a special or general interest which the writer has absorbed. This book nevertheless seeks to maintain the air of objectivity so far as possible—the objectivity of men of good will who seek only to find the best system of government.

The essential subject of "The Republic," until the last few chapters, is the *forms* of government. One of Pope's couplets says:

> For forms of government let fools contest,
> Whate'er is best administered is best,

but Professor Beard emphatically dissents: "Forms of government are vital to the happiness of the people. Some forms of government are better than others. Our form in general we deem best for us, and efforts to make radical changes in it in the direction of parliamentary or authoritarian government will be and ought to be contested." The spirit of the volume, accordingly, is defensive; its author considers the preservation of American constitutionalism—which he appealingly describes as "the civilian way of living together"—as the supreme task of the present generation.

In the light of this purpose it is understandable why American political institutions appear in "The Republic" somewhat polished and brightened up. Professor Beard here chooses to emphasize their potentialities, not their historic faults. The Supreme Court, for example, which often appeared in "The Rise of American Civilization" as the citadel of special privilege, is here discussed—without any attempt at a whitewash—chiefly in terms of its great possibilities as a defender of civil liberties. (One of the high points in the book is the warm tribute to Mr. Justice Black and his decision in the Chambers case.) Professor Beard does not deny that our institutions could be better; but he evidently feels that they could be so much worse that he is opposed to tampering with them in any fundamental respect. He does, however, suggest changes in the committee system in Congress, the chief of which is the creation of a grand committee in each house, with a staff of technical experts, to have charge of all important legislative problems and control over procedure. A congressional legislative council, representing both Houses and all parties, might also serve as a mediating agency to reduce the friction between the executive and Congress.

If the purpose of this book is, as I suspect, primarily didactic, it is highly successful. I know of no better account of the historic workings of American constitutional government. "The Republic" outlines and illuminates them with a sustained interest that one hardly expects to reside in the materials, technical and legal as they sometimes are, and it does so by the sheer force of informed intelligence without the artificial aids of elaborate personal detail or "colorful" matter that is alien to its essential purpose. It is such a good book that one wishes it had lived up to its subtitle, in which it is described as "Conversations on Fundamentals." Professor Beard deals more successfully with the formal fundamentals than the real ones. His conversations are quite ample when they concern civil rights, religious liberty and the general welfare as ends, Congress, the executive and the judiciary as means, and political parties as agencies and motors of government.

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By comparison they deal only perfunctorily or incidentally with pressure groups, social classes and their relations to politics, and the growing economic problems of government under a managed economy. On such themes the book is elusive. There is a chapter on "The Economic Underwriting of the Constitution," but it proves to be deftly noncommittal; the author merely refers toward its end to the convergence of thought from all quarters on the subject of post-war planning as "an impressive sign of the times—a promise of action to come." There, perhaps, is the point at which the chapter might have begun, but Professor Beard explains: "If I had attacked the subject head-on by summarizing the best contemporary plans for an economic underwriting of our Republic, we should have got into a maze of prejudices and lost sight of the ominous significance of the theme for the future of the nation. At least, so I view the tactics of the occasion."

Fortunately the tactics of the occasion do not call for such a genteel approach to foreign relations. At a dinner-party given by the Smyths the historian has an opportunity to go to work on an assortment of internationalists in his most vigorous manner. His internationalists are portrayed as giddy-minded people, whose plans he destroys with a barrage of pertinent questions. You do not have to be of Professor Beard's persuasion in the matter to appreciate the importance of his objections; they are the sort which must be faced by any intelligent plan for international collaboration. He finally waves aside all elaborate international projects and world constitutions, and by way of counter-proposal suggests only that a brief and renewable ten-year treaty should be sufficient to embody the peace settlement.

RICHARD HOFSTADTER

# Three Lives

*Country Cured, by Homer Croy. New York: Harper and Brothers. 282 pages. $3.*
*A Threshold in the Sun, by Lloyd Morris. New York: Harper and Brothers. 275 pages. $2.75.*
*Memoirs of a Superfluous Man, by Albert Jay Nock. New York: Harper and Brothers. 326 pages. $3.*

FOR ONE PUBLISHING HOUSE to issue, in a single season, three literary autobiographies seems rather curious: is this what is known as "balancing the list," or a fluke, or caprice, or is there method in it? Be that as it may, it is pleasant, when the times are bad, to read of others that seemed, and seem, more gracious. There is something to be said for nostalgia, as distinguished from synchronalgia, if one has to be -algic; and if this is escapism, well, what is the matter with escaping from the rushed-out spate of publications composed, question-mark, by the pulpy-minded and pulp-consuming authors of the I-wuz-dere school? For this relief, Messrs. Harper and Brothers, much thanks.

The curve of interest in contemporaneous autobiographies has, I think, a tendency to flatten out the farther one reads in any given book, and the nearer one comes to the events of one's own time. Other things being equal, a man born in 1883 will entertain you longer, unless you are *very* young, than one born ten years later: and a man born in 1873 has the advantage of both. One could speculate on all kinds of reasons why this is so. It might, to begin


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with, be sheer laziness on the part of the reader. Or there may be in all of us an infantile, regressive, nostalgic strain that feeds on this return to things past; the description of another man's childhood and youth prompts the reader to remember his own, and play, as it were, his own pleasant counterpoint to the story he holds in his hands. It may be that the past is really always better; or that men always think so; and in 1973 people will be reading, with fond delight, of the good old days of World War I, the Depression and World War II. It seems hard to imagine, but *forsan et haec olim meminisse iuvabit.* Or it may be that the earlier part of a contemporaneous autobiography, of any autobiography for that matter, is more interesting because the writer's memory is a better artist (Memory being the mother of the Muses) than his up-to-date intellect: it has already done for him the vital work of selection, so that it is only the significant that is readily recalled. Or it may be that when the writer comes to deal with the present, or the recent past, he is bothered by the multiplicity of events, he has done so many more things, known so many more people, that the accumulation is too much for him. Or he may feel constrained by considerations of discretion, libel or simple good manners. Or it may be that somewhere in the book the reader, quite unconsciously, arrives at the discovery that *this man has stopped growing;* and thereafter skims the pages rather listlessly, or skips, looking for passages about people *he* knows, an item of gossip, an anecdote, a good joke: and takes the author seriously again only in the last chapter, the last page, the summing up of the life and philosophy, the solemn admonition of the parting message. All kinds of explanations, but the fact remains.

To this general rule, neither Mr. Croy's book nor that of Mr. Morris is an exception. Mr. Croy offers considerable testimony in support of the rather smug metropolitan dogma that you can take a hick out of the country, but you can never take the country out of a hick. Mr. Croy is neither unconscious nor ashamed of this state of things; to him it is no reproach; he acknowledges it with a rather touching combination of modesty and pride. "I am the farm," he says, "and the farm is me." That part of his book which is devoted to the farm is by far the most interesting, both in the detail of the homely economy and in the descriptions of people. These are deeply felt, and even after a successful career, Mr. Croy is called back to them with sincere and affecting emotion. Pa, Ma, Phebe, 'Renzo, Newt Kennedy are much more real as characters than the famous literary and movie celebrities the author met in his palmy days. With the account of his successes, Mr. Croy also sets down the failures, the blunders, the mortifications: he has a few pertinent comments about the fantastic muddle of Hollywood; he has some pretty penetrating things to say about the late Will Rogers, whom he admired; his account of himself as the Innocent Abroad, making *faux pas* about Oscar Wilde in front of Lord Alfred Douglas, is truly ingenuous and disarming. But on the whole his progress from hick to hack seems like a rather discouraging business; one feels, at the end, that he might have done better to take his father's advice, and stay on the farm. He would have been closer to reality, if not happier, and literature none the worse. No great shakes of a writer, certainly, but a good fellow all the same.

Mr. Morris comes through his own words less clearly as a person; nor is he concerned to. Following illustrious precedent, he calls himself, simply and coldly, in the third person, by his last name: but he has neither that predecessor's impact, nor his gift of irony. On the surface he would seem to be Mr. Croy's opposite number: from the city, not the country; at ease in New York and Europe; not a homespun earthy type, but a cosmopolitan sophisticate (I would have said *dilettante,* were it not for the fact that the derogatory connotation of the word often prevails too much over its liberal meaning). But the difference of local coloration does not go very deep: beneath the surface lies a fundamental similarity, not entirely disguised by the fact that Mr. Morris turns a neater sentence than does Mr. Croy. Mr. Morris, like Mr. Croy, is more apt to be enthusiastic than critical. For example, he thought John Erskine's "Private Life of Helen of Troy" a "brilliant achievement in comedy" —I do not think he is here being ironic at his own youthful exuberance, for a hundred pages later, he appears to think "Anthony Adverse" equally worthy of curious attention. (Well, so perhaps it is, though not quite as Mr. Morris means.) The publishers have generously printed on the back jacket a good many free samples of Mr. Morris' literary observations, and these, even if you do not pore over them long enough to attract the attention of a clerk in Brentano's, are sufficiently revelatory. Mr. Croy, I feel sure, would be inclined to sympathize with Mr. Morris' concluding remarks: "In Europe, the quest has been abandoned. But Americans were different . . . they were incapable of refusing allegiance to a dream which, although history might argue it hopeless, must eternally prove to be the only reality worthy of pursuit."

And, as in Mr. Croy's case, the first part of Mr. Morris' book is much more interesting than the last; like him, he treats of his forbears more happily than of his contemporaries; like him, he harks back to them in later pages; and by far his best writing is that where he presents his grandfather and grandmother, seen with real insight and imagination, so much so that it seems a pity to waste the material in the incidental manner of autobiography, instead of giving it substantial and full-length development in a novel.

No stretch of imagination, however resilient, could apply to Mr. Nock the terms *dilettante,* enthusiast or, for that matter, hick. He is an urbane, old-fashioned, civilized gentleman—an anachronism, maybe, like the forbears he describes, pure throwback to the seventeenth-century Rochellois Protestants; and he has profited by their example. "Nothing interests me more now," he writes, "than to look back on the excellent lucidity, integrity, detachment and humor which they brought to bear on all the works and ways of the society around them, including their own works and ways—especially their own; their power of disinterested and humorous self-criticism was superb." And how well he writes! Say what you will against the old-fashioned "l'arning" of Greek and Latin, a man exposed to it had a chance of finding out something about the nature of a sentence, the balance and poise of words, their weight, their heft, their spring. Even the smuggest reviewers are bound to acknowledge that Mr. Nock writes agreeable prose, however disagreeable they find what he has to say; and since he is neither mealy-mouthed nor mushy-minded, what he has to say is plenty.

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His particular bête-noires are The State and "economism." He does not seem to realize that the former might be a function of the latter, not a parallel or independent phenomenon, and that the barbaric and regressive tendencies he deplores in the latter may be the sign only of its own decadence, not the ultimate decline and fall of human society. But to say that Mr. Nock "does not seem to realize" is risky business; realizing, and not being the dupe of semblance, are the best things he does. He tries to cultivate "an informed common sense" (which is, of course, a most uncommon procedure), to see things as they are, not as he wishes they might, or thinks they should, be. This attitude of mind, it goes without saying, is most provoking to the adolescent, the sentimentalist, who will inevitably pronounce his ideas defeatist, cynical, pessimistic, despairing. But this is false. Mr. Nock's attitude reminds one rather of Lucius Septimius' question in Shaw's great play—"Does Caesar despair?" and the reply: "He who has never hoped can never despair. Caesar, in good or ill fortune, looks his fate in the face." He has kin among the Romans, too, this rugged individualist, this seventeenth-century Rochellois Protestant; he knows what Horace meant, with his *nil admirari*. And how does one reconcile accusations of pessimism and despair with the fact that Mr. Nock writes with such cheer and grace, such absence of moroseness and gloom? I am sure he is a happier man than those who deplore him, or disparage; and again I am reminded of Shaw, and the rebuke of his Ancient in "Back to Methuselah": "Young man, one moment of the ecstasy of life as I know it would strike you dead."

Mr. Nock is not without articles of belief. He is convinced that Gresham's Law—that bad money drives out good—operates not only in the domain of economics, but also in those, for example, of politics, of religion, of literature, of art. Here, I think, a corollary is required. While it is probably true, at any given point, that bad art, or bad literature drives out good, yet, in the long run, the reverse applies. And the reason is precisely because of, not in spite of, the fact that, as Mr. Nock points out, "literary art is appreciated only by a minority, as indeed all art must be." For the majority can always find ample to satisfy their taste in the shallow, shoddy, meretricious, pretentious performances of their own generation; the minority never. Béranger is dead; is Baudelaire?

It is true that Mr. Nock is not very optimistic about humanity's capacity for improvement, but it is false to say that he is uninterested in methods of reform. On the contrary, his proposal is simple and specific: "The only thing that the psychically-human being can do to improve society is to present society with *one improved unit.*" Nor is it hard to find, in Mr. Nock's pages, suggestions as to ways and means.

This literary autobiography, then, runs counter to the general rule in more senses than one. It improves as it goes along. Once one gets over the conventional awe of Mr. Nock's formidable reputation, over the apprehension that the writer will turn out to be dogmatic and smug, over the mortification attendant on the discovery that he has read and knows more than you do, then one goes along with increasing interest and delight, marking more pages, and more passages on the page. Before I leave him, I would like to express one trifling dissent from Mr. Nock's judgment. He calls himself a superfluous man, and I know, for he has explained, what he means. But in the cosmic sense—all reviewers are privy to the secrets of the cosmos—he is no such thing. For he is on the side of the angels, who have never yet been known to complain that there were too many on that side.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES

# Men in Battle

*The Battle Is the Pay-Off, by Capt. Ralph Ingersoll. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 217 pages. $2.*

IN THIS BOOK, the battle of El Guettar in North Africa moves along as soundlessly as a series of photographs. A great deal of work is done. Then people talk in low voices and walk quietly and are deathly tired and hide silently while they are shot at and shoot back. In the end, there is a moment of terror so great that it is stunning. It passes like something muted and the battle is over. It has been won. Lessons can be learned from it.

The lesson Captain Ingersoll learned is that Germany in Africa this spring showed no signs of being beaten. Not from her precise, carefully tooled and milled brass small parts—where we would use cast iron—to her iron-minded soldiers. Allied bombings have not skimped either the Nazis' equipment or their morale.

Any man who has been in battle will recognize the accuracy of the captain's report of the one he took part in and will admit, yes, that's pretty much what it's like and what you're likely to see of it. The captain is a talented and eloquent newspaperman. He knows how to tell a story so that it rides right along, and in this story there is, from the nature of it, hard riding.

The purpose of the author in writing the book seems to have been to communicate to people back home exactly what a battle in this war is like. Many newspapermen have tried to do this since September, 1939, when Goebbels led a party of foreign correspondents to a hill to inspect the shelling and bombing of Danzig, and all of them, I think—or perhaps I should say all of us—have failed. The people who have not had the unreal experience of battle cannot taste the reality of it in the books written by newspapermen.

Soldiers are avid readers of the war books—particularly of the books dealing with the theatre in which they are operating. They read them with a great deal more intensity than people can who are at home and do not expect ever to be in battle. The difference between them and the readers at home is the difference between reading a cook-book in an easy chair and reading it over a kitchen table with the bowls and ingredients before you and the oven on the bake. In addition to his reading, the soldier is lectured to about battle and the conditions of battle are simulated for him many, many times over and over before ever he fires an angry shot. Yet, when he finally gets into battle, it is not like anything he had ever imagined.

The reason, of course, is simple. Take the ordinary matter of a man getting up from behind a rock to hunt an enemy sniper. The journalist—in this case Captain Ingersoll—describes it as follows:

> A soldier ran along behind us, crouching, and called to the man next to me. He simply said, "Come on," and the man next

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# DIARY of THE FUTURE

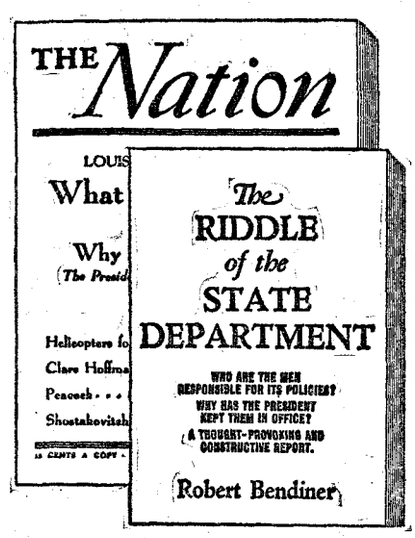
Vernon Bartlett, famous British newspaper correspondent and member of Parliament, has made a flight through time to the end of the European war. His journey was imaginary but the diary he kept is realistic to a degree. Instead of examining the problems of the peace in a vacuum of theory, he looks at them in their natural setting—the day-to-day news of the summer and fall of 1944—or is it 1945? For example:

> *June 30. Gerald Barry, editor of the* News Chronicle, *rang me up at three this morning. Willy Forrest, cabling from G. H. Q., has confirmed a midnight report from Berne that the German army in southern Austria has surrendered. . . . A day of wild rumors. The cabinet met twice. It appears that the Allies are hesitating to announce the news, for they don't yet know how much attention to pay this army surrender and whether it has taken place in agreement with the German Supreme Command. The Prime Minister's car was stopped by a large crowd in Whitehall, and he stood on the running-board, gave the "V" sign for victory, and promised that there would be good news within the next forty-eight hours. . . . Reports from all over the place about serious rioting in Vienna, with the refusal of the police to fire on the crowds.*

And then? What happens when Allied troops enter Berlin? What becomes of Hitler, Goebbels, Himmler? What arrangments are made for governing conquered Germany? Where does the Soviet Union fit into the pattern? Here is what the author admits "is a rash attempt to write history before it has happened."

It is less rash coming from Mr. Bartlett than it would be from most writers. Besides being one of Europe's outstanding newspapermen, Mr. Bartlett served for a time as director of the London office of the secretariat of the League of Nations; and in 1938, outraged by the Munich pact, he stood for Parliament and was elected. He knows politics inside and out, and in this remarkable "diary" he has dramatically projected into the future the present lines of Anglo-American policy.

"Diary of the Future" will appear in weekly instalments in *The Nation,* beginning with the first week in November.

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to me backed away from the rock until he was far enough down the bowl of the plateau so that when he stood up straight his head would still be below the line of fire from the valley over the parapet. Then he turned and ran after the other soldier.

That's the way it looks, all right. But I know, when I am in a battle and have to get out from cover, not to hunt a sniper, not for anything so ferocious as that, but just to change position, I do not "back away" in the ordinary meaning of the term and do not "turn and run" in the ordinary meaning. In every movement I make, it is as if every minute of my life that I have lived since birth has put out tentacles and the tentacles are now entwined around my mind and I "back away" struggling through the tentacles and "turn" through the tentacles and "run" through them. When I know that, then I know what it is like to back away and turn and run on a battlefield.

Journalists are writing books nowadays to tell people what a battle is like chiefly because there is demand for them, but also because they feel cramped in the relatively small spaces allotted them by their newspapers and magazines. Yet, they do no better in their larger spaces. No doubt because, just as a battle cannot be photographed in such a way as to make you taste the reality of its unrealities, so a battle cannot be "reported."

I hope these morose ruminations will not discourage you from reading the captain's book. It is very good in its way. It will give you, I think, much more of an idea of what a battle is like than my books will, and that is a hell of an admission for one journalist to make of another.

IRA WOLFERT

## Contributors

GEORGE E. OUTLAND was an instructor at Yale University, 1935-37, director of the New Haven Community College, 1935-36, and a member of the faculty of Santa Barbara State College, 1937-42. He was elected to the House of Representatives from the state of California on November 3, 1942.

EUDORA WELTY is the author of two books of short stories, "A Curtain of Green" and "The Wide Net" (just published by Harcourt, Brace), and a short novel, "The Robber Bridegroom." She lives in Jackson, Mississippi.

ARTHUR HEPNER has recently joined the staff of The St. Louis Post-Dispatch. He has contributed to The New Republic and other magazines.

PFC LEN ZINBERG has "been in the army more than a year and like it. Have had several hundred stories published in all sorts of mags, pulps up and down, a couple of novels—like writing too."

W. H. AUDEN, English poet and playwright, is now teaching at Swarthmore.

JAY ALLEN, formerly a foreign correspondent, has spent many years covering all parts of Europe, notably France, Italy, Spain and North Africa.

HARRY LEVIN has a Guggenheim fellowship for the present year, and is now completing a study of French realism.

RICHARD HOFSTADTER, assistant professor of History at the University of Maryland, is the author of a study of "Social Darwinism in American Thought," to be published this winter by the University of Pennsylvania Press.

ROLFE HUMPHRIES' most recent book of poetry is "Out of the Jewel" (Scribner's).

IRA WOLFERT is the author of "Battle for the Solomons," "Tucker's People," a novel, and "Torpedo 8," published in July. He was awarded the 1943 Pulitzer Prize for war correspondence.

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